

The Improvement Era *March 1958*

ERA

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Exploring the Universe

by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

Superconductivity is a fascinating property of some metals, cooled to near absolute zero (−459° F.), which conduct electrical current with no resistance. A device called a cryotron makes use of this property by a single wire with a fine wire wound around it. The electrical current in the single straight wire can be controlled by a current in the winding wire because its superconductivity can be destroyed by the magnetic field due to the current in the winding. The cryotrons have to be kept at 4.2° F. above absolute zero by liquid helium. A data-processing system is being built by Arthur D. Little, Inc., with assistance of Massachusetts Institute of Technology engineers, in which 215,000 cryotrons will do the same work as 50,000 vacuum tubes. Dudley A. Buck, who developed the cryotron, estimates that a large scale digital computer using cryotrons need occupy only a cubic foot.



Dr. Leo F. Koch of the University of Illinois has called attention in the *Saturday Review* to a type of primitive plant, the bryophytes. The bryophytes are mosses and liverworts which reproduce by spores and whose bodies contain no specialized cells for conduction of water or food. Most other plants must be guarded against infestation by beetles and other insects, but bryophytes need little if any protection for chemical reasons not yet understood.

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The Improvement Era, *The Voice of the Church*, Volume 61, Number 3, March 1958.

ERA

Official organ of the priesthood quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations, ward teachers, Music Committee, Department of Education, and other agencies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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David O. McKay and Richard L. Evans, *Editors;* Doyle L. Green, *Managing Editor;* Marba C. Josephson, *Associate Managing Editor;* Elizabeth J. Moffitt, *Production Editor;* Albert L. Zobell, Jr., *Research Editor;* Eileen Gibbons, *Manuscript Editor;* Gordon T. Allred, *Editorial Associate;* Ralph Reynolds and Ed Maryon, *Art Directors.*

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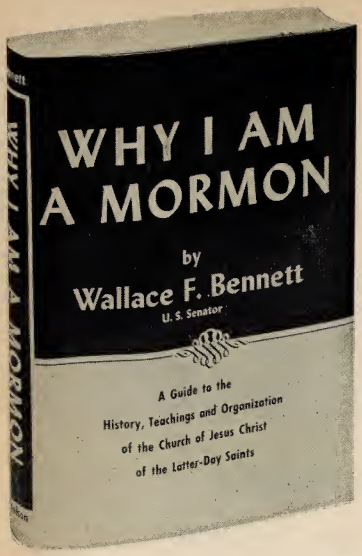
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Cover—A detail from "Christ Blessing the Disciples" by Anton Dorph serves as our cover as the Era continues the series of masterpieces from religious art.





1.



SENATOR WALLACE F. BENNETT'S

Why I Am a Mormon

A knowledgeable Mormon, addressing himself to his non-Mormon friends, cogently and comprehensively explains his faith. This is delightful reading, made so by language clear, rich and apt, and by ideas thoughtfully and gracefully presented. A practical man of sound training, wide experience and solid pioneer background gives his readers an appreciation of Mormonism "in solemnity of heart and in the spirit of meekness."

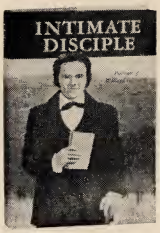
$2.75

("WHY I AM A MORMON" will be published April 3. To insure receiving an autographed copy of the first edition, be sure to place your order now for delivery on publication date.)

2.

Intimate Disciple

Claire Noall



The early days of the LDS Church are vividly described in this brilliantly-written novel on the life of Willard Richards, intimate friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Intimate disciple, Willard Richards, was truly a man of courage whose faith was undaunted by ill-health, family tragedy, and persecutions.

$4.75

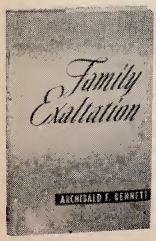
3.

Our Leaders Speak



Choice selections are taken from the weekly Devotionals at Brigham Young University. These excerpts are cataloged under subject headings that make this book a wonderful aid in giving lessons, preparing speeches, and other instructional purposes.

$2.95



4.

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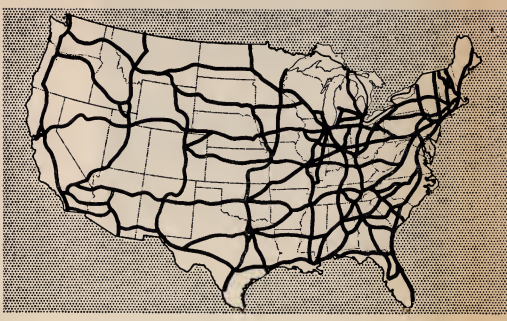
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The Interstate Highway System

by Dr. G. Homer Durham
Vice President, University of Utah

The Eisenhower administration may be remembered most for its interstate highway system. The formal designation for the plan is "The National System of Interstate and Defense Highways." At present the program is limited to 41,000 miles of uniform design. It is being located to meet three tests, in order to connect by routes:

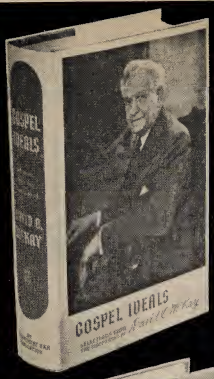
1. "The principal metropolitan areas, cities, and industrial centers."
2. "To serve the national defense."
3. "To connect at suitable border points with routes of continental importance in . . . Canada and the Republic of Mexico."

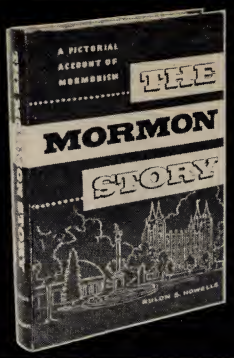
Under these tests, a highway system has been worked out that passes through about 1,000 of the nation's 3,000-odd counties, 42 state capitals, and 90 percent of the American cities over 50,000 population. It will carry 14 percent of the automobile traffic of the nation although composing only 1.2 percent of our total road mileage.

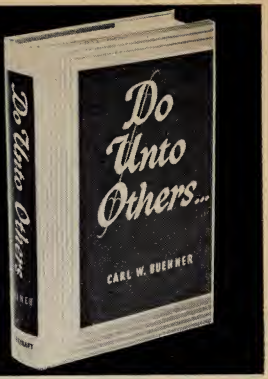
The system will be a high speed throughway with limited access (only at specially constructed interchanges and specially selected points). There will be no intersections or private driveway connections. There will be no traffic signals. Headlight glare at night will be reduced to a minimum because of a forty-foot zone separating lanes. The estimated cost (in 1956) was about thirty billion dollars. The Utah State Road Commission, alone, in 1958 expects to award contracts in excess of $35,000,000. The next few years, therefore, will see the impact of this program on our economy in many ways.

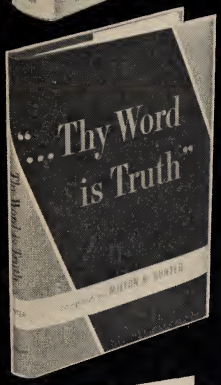
The interstate system will bypass the towns. There will be business dislocations. Motels, filling stations, restaurants and other "ribbon development businesses" along the older routes may have to reconsider their operations in the light of the new routes. On the other hand, the constant growth of population, traffic, and travel may "cushion" the change. Valuable agricultural land will be bisected and traversed. Farmers will say, "Why not locate it just west of my patch? My land is good land. The piece to the west is waste land. The highway will hurt nothing there."

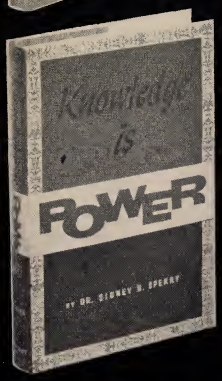
We can expect much of this comment in (*Continued on page* 191)











IMPORTANT BOOKS

that belong in every LDS Library . . .

1. GOSPEL IDEALS by DAVID O. McKAY

Here, in the sermons and discourses of President David O. McKay, is a great breadth of solid, satisfying counsel and insight into gospel principles. Because of the important subjects discussed . . . and the undeviating testimony of truth it contains, it is little wonder this volume was chosen as the Gospel Doctrine Course of Study for '58. You will certainly want to own and study this inspiring work. **$4.00**

2. THE MORMON STORY by RULON S. HOWELLS

There is no other book like this best-selling pictorial account of Mormonism. Here you will find hundreds of rare photographs, beautiful full-color paintings, and skillful illustrations vividly portraying all the significant events in the restoration, growth and progress of the Church. Children are fascinated with it . . . adults (both in and out of the Church) are thrilled and inspired by it. **$3.95**

3. DO UNTO OTHERS by CARL W. BUEHNER

Intriguing stories and faith-promoting experiences of peoples around the world are told by the author in such a humble, forceful language that it's difficult to lay it aside without reading it from cover to cover. Carl Buehner's best . . . with the common touch. **$2.00**

4. ". . . THY WORD IS TRUTH" by DR. MILTON R. HUNTER

This marvelous volume is packed with authoritative material on vital gospel topics extracted from 72 inspiring talks given by General Authorities. This companion volume to "Gems of Thought" and "Gospel Sermonettes" contains excellent material for Priesthood leaders and officers and teachers of all the Auxiliaries. **$1.50**

5. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER by DR. SIDNEY B. SPERRY

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Doris M. Unander

Myrle Low

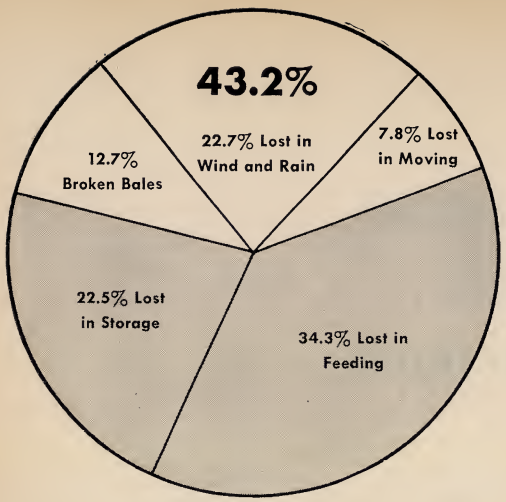


new appointees to YWMIA General Board

Doris M. Unander and Myrle Low have received appointments to the general board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association.

Miss Unander is a graduate of LDS Business College and has attended Brigham Young University. She has filled a stake mission in Sugar House (Salt Lake City) Stake, and prior to that served as chorister in the Sunday School and YWMIA in the Eighth Ward, Liberty Stake. In the Thirteenth Ward, University Stake, she served as a Sunday School teacher. She also served as a Primary teacher in the Burley First Ward, Burley (Idaho) Stake. She is a Golden Gleaner. Miss Unander is the daughter of Ralph P. (deceased) and Elva Rasmussen Unander. Her first assignment will be on the dance committee.

Like Miss Unander, Miss Low is also a native of Idaho. She is a graduate of the University of Utah. While residing in Park (Salt Lake City) Stake, she was YWMIA stake organist, Webster Ward organist, and Sunday School organist. She has also used her ability at the organ in church assignments in the Salt Lake City Seventeenth Ward and in Washington (D C) Stake. Her parents are Morris D. and Beatrice Gardiner Low, now deceased. Her first assignment on the general board will be as a member of the music committee. She makes her home with her stepmother in Salt Lake City.



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From Circular 203, Montana State College Agricultural Experiment Station.

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Yield: 1 loaf, 9½ x 5¼ x 2¾ inches

Sift together 3 cups sifted all-purpose *flour*, 4 teaspoons *Clabber Girl Baking Powder*, 1 teaspoon *salt*, and ½ cup *sugar*. Cut in ¼ cup *butter* or *margarine* until mixture is fine. Stir in 1 cup (6 ounces) finely *diced dried apricots*. Beat 2 *eggs*, 1 cup *milk*, and 1 teaspoon *grated lemon rind* until just blended; add to dry ingredients; stir until well mixed. Pour into a greased 9½ x 5¼ x 2¾-inch loaf pan. Bake in a 350° F. (moderate) oven about 1 hour. Loaf is best when sliced and served one day after baking.

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Letters and Reports

AUDREY CLARK REDDING

Word has come of the untimely passing of Mrs. Audrey Clark Redding of Los Angeles, who died January 7, 1958. With her husband, Ned Redding of the South Los Angeles Stake high council, she performed yeoman duty for the Church. She was the editor and he the publisher of California Intermountain News, a weekly paper devoted to the activities of Church people and former residents of the intermountain west. For many years they had organized excursion railroad trains to come to the various conferences in Salt Lake City. More recently they had organized airplane tours for Church members to the South Seas. She was 46 years old.



A TRIO OF MISSIONARIES

The New Zealand Mission has recently been served by a trio of missionary brothers: Elder George Norman Edwards, representing the Torrance Ward in California, who has been recently released; Elder Glen Lyman Edwards, who has been serving over a year, representing the Logan (Utah) Seventeenth Ward; and Elder Clifford Hazen Edwards, from the same ward, most recently arrived in the field. They are the sons of the late George Franklin Edwards and Thelma Larsen Edwards. Their father died when Norman was four and a half. Later their mother married Artell Inglet, a native of New Zealand. From him they received a desire to go to New Zealand on their missions. Clifford has recently had the privilege of baptizing Elder Inglet's aunt.

Dear Editors:

Please send me a one year subscription to the Era beginning with the December issue. I enjoy the Era, even if you *don't* print my poetry which you really *should* do, as other magazines publish it quite readily.

Well, perhaps after I am dead you will appreciate my writing more than you do at present.

Sincerely,
Julia L. Grimes

Provo, Utah

Dear Editors:

Not only is the November issue of The Improvement Era inspirational and beautiful—so also are the December and January issues. The reproductions of famous paintings for the cover lend distinction and an aesthetic air to the magazine.

Congratulations on producing such an inspirational and artistic achievement.

Sincerely,
Grace Ingles Frost

Mosca, Colorado

Dear Editors:

I have taken the Era since I started getting it while in the Army in 1943. We have some of the old copies, I think volume 2, dating back to 1899.

My brother Alma and I are ward teachers covering an area about sixty miles long and twenty-five miles wide. We are assigned ten homes—some of which are part-member families. We must travel 250 to 300 miles each month in visiting.

In the families where we visit I have given Era subscriptions to part of them and had part of the others subscribe themselves. I bring to the attention of the members any articles in the Era which I feel are especially interesting. It helps me a lot as most of the families are part-member families.

Sincerely,
Ira B. Denton

(*Continued on page* 141)

Now Standard refines a rare "rock" to give U.S. a new source of gasoline



High pressure water jet shatters solid Gilsonite. Flume hose washes particles down mine floor to pipeline.

Petroleum products are now being made without crude oil. Standard found the answer in a rare hydrocarbon called Gilsonite. But it took $16,000,000 and a vast research program to do it. Deep in the mountains of Utah our scientists worked out a better, faster way to mine Gilsonite. Meanwhile our engineers designed the nation's first pipeline capable of carrying solids suspended in water . . . over rugged terrain to a spot 72 miles away.

There Standard* built the nation's first privately financed refinery to make petroleum products from a material other than crude oil. Today that refinery turns Gilsonite into high octane gasoline for motorists, and the purest coke known for making steel, aluminum and other metals. In our country's search for new sources of fuel, the development of Gilsonite is a major breakthrough. It means the equivalent of 100,000,000 barrels of oil added to U.S. underground reserves—important help in meeting our country's growing petroleum needs.

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New sources of gasoline to fuel 5½ million <u>more</u> motor vehicles by 1965†



†*In 11 Western States*

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Bridesmaids Dresses—Accessories

Bridal Arts

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(Next to Bradley Badger)



"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

John 3.16

This and other beloved portions of Holy Writ appear in the sixth edition of the

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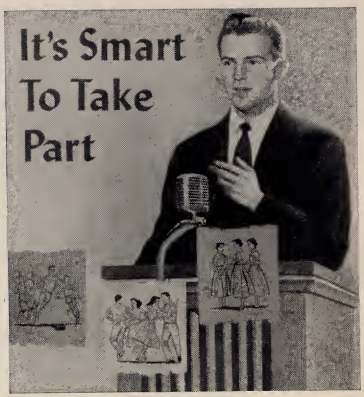
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Be Honest with Yourself



Belonging to the Church is important. It opens the way for us to work out our salvation, but it's only the first step on the road to happiness on earth and eternal progress in heaven. The rest comes through obedience and performance every day of our lives.

This is one of the reasons the Church offers so many opportunities for daily participation. The degree to which we take part in these spiritual, intellectual, physical, social exercises will determine the degree to which we are eventually saved.

Let's take some examples:

A boy or a girl takes part regularly in class instruction, and learns, in the process, priceless truths. And "we are saved no faster than we gain knowledge."

We join the Church-sponsored Scout troop, a young people's chorus, a singing quartet, or we "try out" for a part in a dramatic skit. That's experience, progress.

We take our turn to speak on principles of the gospel in our young people's improvement meetings or in Sunday worship services. Again, we're taking part—going ahead.

We participate in Church league basketball, softball, volleyball—and in the process we build the physical body, practise teamwork, and learn the value of putting good sportsmanship into our play and work.

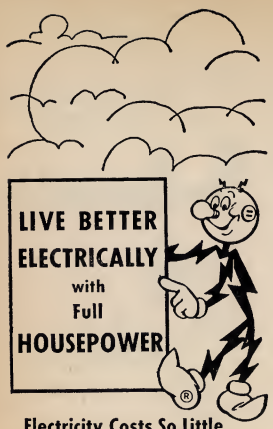
Going to "socials" in the attractive and wholesome atmosphere of our Church recreational halls helps us to develop our social graces and meet and associate with young men and young women of our own kind—the kind we'd like to have for our friends and, eventually, for our mates in marriage.

As we grow older we become Scout leaders, Sunday School teachers, and many of us go on preaching missions.

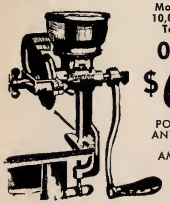
All this is "taking part." It is the day-by-day way to happiness and eternal progression. It is part—an important lifelong part—in living our religion for our own good and for the greater good of others.

So—young men, young women of the Church—don't be satisfied with just belonging. Start today to take part because it's smart. In other words—

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The Church Moves On

December 1957

16 With the delivery to mission headquarters in Tokyo of the first copies of the Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price printed in Japanese, the Saints of that race have all four standard works in their native tongue.

19 Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin dedicated the seminary building adjacent to the Murray (Utah) High School.

23 The one hundred fifty-second anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith was noted throughout the Church.

28 The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Laurn R. Rice, senior member of the South Los Angeles Stake high council, as director of the Los Angeles Temple Bureau of Information. He succeeds Elder A. Merlin Steed.

January 1958

2 President and Sister David O. McKay commemorated their fifty-seventh wedding anniversary at a family gathering. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple, January 2, 1901.

4 Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin, president of the Society for the Aid of the Sightless, announced that the Book of Mormon on "Talking Book Records" for use by the blind is available in most of the distributing libraries for the blind throughout the United States and Canada. One Japanese library also has Book of Mormon talking records.

11 The appointment of Miss Doris M. Unander and Miss Myrle Low to membership on the general board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association was announced. The appointment of Miss Carolyn Jensen of Ogden, Utah, to membership on the general board of the Primary Association was announced.

12 After a short vacation, 1958 stake conferences began. Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the additon to the chapel of the Bountiful Third-Sixteenth Ward, Bountiful (Utah) Stake.

15 Elder Thomas E. McKay, an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve since April 1941, a lifelong Church worker, and a

brother of President David O. McKay, died this morning at 12:13. He was eighty-two years of age.

17 Funeral services for Elder Thomas E. McKay were conducted in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square. Burial was in Huntsville, Utah.

19 San Antonio (Texas) Stake organized from portions of Houston Stake and the Gulf States Mission, with Elder Roland C. Bremer, formerly first counselor in Houston Stake, sustained as president. President Bremer's counselors are Elders Vergil A. James and Melvin O. Dearden. Elder Melvin L. Gillie was sustained as president of Houston Stake, succeeding President Jack B. Trunnell. President Gillie's counselors are Elders Wayne Stevens and Keith M. Taylor. Elder Joel M. Johnson, second counselor in the Houston Stake, was released with President Trunnell. Elders Harold B. Lee and Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve effected these changes.

Phoenix North (Arizona) Stake organized from portions of Phoenix Stake, with Elder Rudger C. Smith sustained as president and Elders Dow Ostlund and Carl C. Jacobson as counselors. The stake will include the following: Glendale, Glendale Second, Phoenix Eighth, Ninth (here the ward boundary was changed to conform with the proposed stake boundary, part of the members being transferred to the Second Ward), Tenth, Sixteenth wards, and Phoenix Indian School and Wickenburg branches. President David E. Heywood was sustained to remain president of Phoenix Stake. Elder Blain H. Alexander was released as first counselor. Elder Martin C. Tate was released as second counselor and sustained as first counselor. Elder Chester J. Peterson was sustained as second counselor. Ajo, Buckeye, Capitol, Phoenix Second, Third, Sixth, Twelfth wards, and Avondale, Gila, and Maricopa Indian branches will be a part of Phoenix Stake. These changes were made under the direction of Elder Delbert L. Stapley of the Council of the Twelve and Elder Carl W. Buehner of the Presiding Bishopric. Phoenix North Stake is the 253rd stake now functioning in the Church.

21 After meeting with representatives of the various Church organizations and discussing the problem thoroughly, President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve and Church Historian announced that uniform, 8½ by 11-inch, multi-ring looseleaf minute books would be used by all organizations in the Church. The change-over date was set for July 1959 for those organizations operating on a fiscal year, and January 1960 for the others. Purpose of the new system as announced by the Historian's office is to improve the types of records now in use and to institute a better system for forwarding completed records.

26 Shreveport (Louisiana-Texas-Arkansas) Stake organized from portions of Houston Stake and the Gulf States Mission with Elder John Milton Belisle sustained as president. President Belisle's counselors are Elders F. Howard Turner and Harry G. Nimtz. There are 2735 members in the new stake. Shreveport Stake is made up of Shreveport, Many, Natchitoches, Kelsey-Gilmer, and Longview wards, and Coushatta, Marshall, Hooks, Texarkana, Queen City, and Kilgore branches. The organization was effected by Elders Harold B. Lee and Spencer W. Kimball of the Council of the Twelve. It is the 254th stake now functioning in the Church.

Elder J. Price Ronnow was sustained as president of Reno (Nevada) Stake, succeeding President Paul J. Callis, deceased. President Ronnow's counselors are Elders Doyle C. Robison and Vern Waldo. Both President Ronnow and Elder Robison served as counselors to President Callis.

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Letters and Reports
(Continued)

Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Editors:

You and your staff certainly should be praised for the excellent work that you are doing with The Improvement Era. My family and I enjoy the many articles. They have been a means of making my life happier and more worth while by applying into my life more each day the words of knowledge and wisdom enclosed within its covers.

Sincerely yours,
John H. Zetterquist

Dear Editors,

I certainly have enjoyed receiving The Improvement Era the past few months. It has been a big help to me as a reminder to live my religion the way I know I should. The messages in it are uplifting and faith-promoting to me.

Thank you.

Sincerely yours,
/s/ Lowell R. Lowry
Glendale, California

Dear Editors:

I have just returned from my eastern lecture tour, and now have a breather in which to write and tell you how delighted I was over the layout of "Caprian Adventure." Truly it's an honor to have my humble narrative appear in the most outstanding issue ever published in the long and distinguished career of The Improvement Era. The November issue is magnificent in every detail and shows monumental planning, creativity, and effort. My sincerest congratulations!

May our Father continue to prosper your incomparable efforts.

Cordially yours,
John M. Goddard

Logan, Utah

Dear Editors:

The Era is probably the only magazine that I never fail to read from cover to cover. I'm the teacher of the high priest group in our ward and often the short notice alternate teacher of divers Sunday School classes. At times rather a trying assignment for an immigrant farm laborer. The high priest group comprises a number of Ph.D.'s and college professors.

Your special feature in the December issue "The Scriptural Formula" has been of great interest and inspiration to me. I've read it several times. It will answer many questions which will come up I'm sure when we begin the new Melchizedek lesson course for 1958. President J. Reuben Clark's *Our Lord of the Gospels* as the subject of this course will be a real treasure chest of thought and inspiration. I love to study the writings of our prophets, seers, and revelators; they are needed.

Some of the class members told me that the challenge presented by Brother Nibley's manual has made them really read and study the Book of Mormon for the first time. This justifies my faith in our great leaders that they are always guided in their decisions.

Thank you and the Era for the help and guidance you've given me.

Yours truly,
Franz Heri



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High school publications workshop
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Supervision of education workshop.
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Spanish workshop.
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Modern Dance workshop.

- **Distinguished Faculty** — Nationally famous teachers will visit to augment able and adequate resident faculty. Visiting artists also teach.
- **Devotionals and Lectures** — Church General Authorities, religious scholars, and experts in many fields speak in outstanding assemblies.
- **Culture** — Thrilling, summer-long series of concerts by finest artists in music, drama, dance. Paganini Quartet will be featured again this year with other artists.
- **Recreation** — Full program of outings, dances, athletics and the scenic Wasatch Mountains near at hand for brief trips. The Timpanogos Hike in July is the experience of a lifetime.
- **Advancement Opportunities**—Many students now finish college in less than four years by taking advantage of Summer School. Teachers will find many special helps for certification and outstanding workshops and clinics (see accompanying list).
- **Leadership Week** — During week of June 23-28, hundreds of experts in many fields will lecture, Church leaders will speak, and many exhibits and films will be presented, for the improvement of family and church life.

FIRST TERM:
June 16 — July 18

SECOND TERM:
July 21 — Aug. 22

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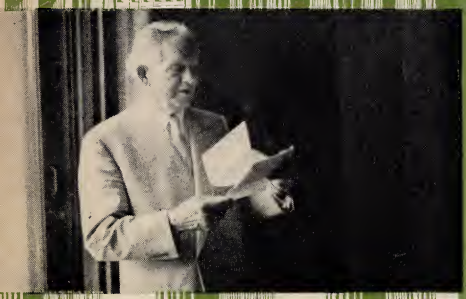
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The Right Life

Life began not at birth. It began in eternity. It will end not at death but continue everlastingly. The only question is, how are we to spend this interim on earth? This is the great question which all men and women must answer. And everyone must decide for himself or herself.

How long halt ye between two thoughts? "How long halt ye between two opinions?" asked Elijah, and then he gives what should be a determining thought for every young person in the world: ". . . if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." The biblical verse ends with: "And the people answered him not a word." (I Kings 18:21.)

That was a great occasion. If you are traveling and go to Mount Carmel, residents there today will endeavor to point out to you the spot where Elijah met the priests of Baal. Ancient Israel were going astray. Most of the people were undecided. A number of them were following Queen Jezebel—and her name is a symbol of unrighteousness to this day. But picture that great man challenging the people of Israel: "If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." *But decide.* Decide what the set of your soul will be!

Only a few in all this world determine early in life the way to go. The great majority follow a leader, as the people of Israel in the days of Elijah; and if the leader be false, they go in a false road. If the leader chance to be good, most of them will be good.

The real tragedy of following false leaders or false ideals is that by so doing we stifle and sometimes choke out spirituality completely.

Spirituality is the consciousness of victory over self, and of communion with the Infinite. Spirituality impels one to conquer difficulties and acquire more and more strength. To feel one's faculties unfolding and truth expanding the soul is one of life's sublimest experiences.

There is more spirituality expressed in giving than in receiving. The greatest spiritual blessings come from helping another. If you want to be miserable, just harbor hate for a brother; and if you want to hate,

. . . *the Happy Life* by President David O. McKay

just do your brother some injury. But if you want to be happy, render a kind service, make somebody else happy.

The guiding principles to the realization of the higher life are not many or complex. Indeed, they are few and simple, and can be applied by everyone in any phase of life.

I. Recognition of the reality of spiritual values.
II. Sense of obligation to the social group.
III. Power of self-denial and the resultant self-mastery.
IV. A consciousness that the ultimate purpose of life is the perfecting of the individual.

After all, the spiritual life is the true life of man. It is what distinguishes him from the beasts of the forests. It lifts him above the physical, yet he is still susceptible to all the natural contributions that life can give him that are needful for his happiness or contributive to his advancement. Though in the world, he is not of the world. (See John 8:23.)

Thought, the seed of action

The kind of life you live, your disposition, your very nature, will be determined by your thoughts, of which your acts are but the outward expression. Thought is the seed of action. Thoughts make us what we are. As definitely and surely as the weaver shapes his flowers and figures out of the warp and woof of his loom, so every movement in the shuttle of thought moves back and forth forming character and even modifying the lineaments of our features.

What subordinate things one seeks will have less bearing upon the formation of one's character, and upon the direction of one's life, than does the paramount thought of the mind, the dominant wish of the heart. Look introspectively now and you may determine what your destiny will be ten years from now as you follow that dominant thought.

Man's earthly existence is but a test as to whether he will concentrate his efforts, his mind, his soul upon things which contribute to the comfort and gratification of his physical instinct and passions, or whether he will make as his life's end and purpose the acquisition of spiritual qualities.

First law of nature is survival

We live in a material world. The first law of nature is survival, and men follow that law. The survival of the fittest is nature's law, and we are told even in scriptures that he who will not provide for himself and his loved ones is worse than an infidel. We see that law operating in the lawn with each blade of grass striving to survive, irrespective of the death of the neighboring blade. Indeed, the death of the neighboring blade might mean survival of the blade nearest to it. The same thing occurs in all nature—the robin, seeking the worm for the survival of itself and its offspring; the robin itself may be caught by the hawk, and the hawk be brought down by a hunter's aim. That is the law of nature. That is the earthy, physical life. Until we rise above it, we are mere animals. And you will note that most of the human family will follow that law. That is why we are having trouble. That is why clouds of warring elements surround us, because most humans are still on that animal plane.

Let it ever be remembered that those whose ideals rise no higher than this material world, and who close their eyes to the promise and possibility of a higher life, merely acknowledge that our purpose here is to be born, to live, breathe, prepare in a general way for those who follow after us, and then to die—"a stupid round of existence not one whit higher than that of the silkworm."

Oh, youth of the Church, in your struggles to reach the height of spirituality, there is a very important step, and that is the step of choosing your mate. Be careful. Choose one with equally high ideals. Do not choose just anybody, and do not yield any spiritual ideal to gain a friend. The mate you choose for life will largely determine your success or failure. The foundation of your contemplated happy home is laid by you in your teens.

The seeds of happiness (*Continued on page* 205)

Your Question

by Joseph Fielding Smith
President of the Council of the Twelve

What is the Lord's day? In the appointed unto you to rest from

QUESTION: *"My neighbor . . . says that the Latter-day Saints are not true Christians because they desecrate the true Sabbath which is Saturday and has been from the beginning and that man has no right to change it. He maintains that it was on the seventh day that the Lord rested from his labors when he created this earth and this was established to be perpetuated through the ages and the pope of Rome changed it to Sunday and the protestants have followed this to their condemnation. What answer do we have to this statement?"*

ANSWER: The complete answer to these questions is found in the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 59. This revelation was given on Sunday, August 6, 1831, in Jackson County, Missouri. In this revelation the Lord promised the members of the Church who sought inheritances in Missouri, that he would abundantly bless them if they would covenant with him to keep his commandments. They would be crowned with blessings from above, "yea and with commandments not a few, and with revelations in their time—they that are faithful and diligent before me." After making this promise the Lord reiterated commandments from the Decalogue given on Sinai, and added this commandment concerning the Sabbath day:

"Thou shalt thank the Lord thy God in all things.

"Thou shalt offer a sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in righteousness, even that of a broken heart and a contrite spirit.

"And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day;

"For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High;

"Nevertheless thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days and at all times;

"But remember that on this, the Lord's day, thou

words of the Savior, "... verily this is a day your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High"

shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren, and before the Lord.

"And on this day thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart that thy fasting may be perfect, or, in other words, that thy joy may be full."

After giving this commandment the Lord promised other blessings that would follow through obedience, and then added:

"And in nothing doth man offend God, or against none is his wrath kindled, save those who confess not his hand in all things, and obey not his commandments."

The Lord's day was, of course, Sunday, and on this day the Latter-day Saints have been commanded to observe the weekly Sabbath. So far as the Latter-day Saints are concerned, the Lord has spoken. This settles the question. Perhaps this is as far as we need to go in defense of our observance of the Sabbath day on the first day of the week, but it would not satisfy our correspondent if we stopped here. Moreover it will be of general interest to all members of the Church to have some additional discussion.

Those who believe that the Sabbath should be on Saturday have made a fetish of the Sabbath day. They have, like the Pharisees and Sadducees of old, measured man to the length of their procrustean bed, and condemn all others who may be just as devout as they. They have forgotten, it seems, the counsel of our Lord:

"And he said unto them, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath:

"Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath."[1]

Being the Lord of the Sabbath he had the divine right to change the day, and that is exactly what he has done.

Man's reckoning of time

In the first place there can be little relationship, in point of time, with the seventh day of creation and the seventh day according to temporal times. The former were days according to Kolob's reckoning. This we learn from the revelation given to Abraham.

"Now, I, Abraham, saw that it was after the Lord's time, which was after the time of Kolob; for as yet the Gods had not appointed unto Adam his reckoning."[2]

No one knows whether a "temporal" time was given to Adam immediately after he was driven from Eden or not, or if it came gradually. No one knows, and no one without revelation from the Lord would know which day is the first and which is the last in our present reckoning. Moreover, it matters not which was the first or which the last day of the week before the flood. In our Bible as it has come down to us, there is little evidence that there was a Sabbath observance before the Lord spoke to Moses on Mount Sinai. Even if we concede that the Hebrew week and the Hebrew Sabbath correspond to the present reckoning, it does not follow that the Sabbath day now has to correspond to the Hebrew practice at the time of our Savior's ministry. Because of faulty measuring of time, days have been added to the calendar. Moreover, man has been under the necessity of arbitrarily setting the time for man's convenience in certain parts of the earth. Such an arbitrary dateline has been drawn through the Pacific at the 180th degree from pole to pole, so that we find islands relatively close together situated on each side of this line and therefore having their Sabbath on different days, while the same sunshine beams upon them.

Among former-day Saints

There is evidence that the members of the Church following the resurrection of Jesus changed their Sabbath from the last to the first day of the week and that Christians have followed it ever since. It is universally conceded that our Savior was in the tomb during the Jewish Sabbath, and that he came forth on the early morning of the first day of the week. All four of the evangelists have written that it was early on the morning (*Continued on page* 196)

(See page 207 for footnotes.)



Religious Scruples

and the free exercise of the faculties

by Henry Aldous Dixon

United States Congressman from Utah

At a prominent west coast university a professor of philosophy asked his class of 175 members to fill out a questionnaire. One question asked the church to which each member belonged and a second question was worded as follows: "Does belonging to that church modify your behavior?"

After compiling the data, the teacher announced that sixty-five percent of the members belonged to a church and that fewer than half the number who belonged said that such membership made any difference in how they lived. He reported further, however, that in the class were seven Latter-day Saints and that every single one of them replied that being a Latter-day Saint definitely modified his conduct.

Young people in the Church constantly meet companions outside the Church who convey the feeling that we are too dictatorial and exacting in our requirements. And the question pops into the minds of our young people: "Why shouldn't I, like my friends, be free to do as I choose without people pulling at me wherever I turn?"

Frequently, when restrained by their elders, young

". . . seven of them were LDS, and every single one of them stated that being a Latter-day Saint modified his conduct."

people say: "Why fence me in? This is a free country, isn't it?" And all too frequently do we see investigators hesitate to join the Church because of such requirements as observance of the law of tithing; keeping the Sabbath day holy; keeping the Word of Wisdom; contribution to the welfare program; regular attendance; unselfish but time-consuming service in the Church; assumption of heavy Church responsibilities; honesty in all dealings; and, of course, strict chastity. All of these obligations develop "scruples" which undoubtedly do "fence us in" and "impede the free exercise of the faculties." But if we run away from these obligations, we run away from growth.

Unless a church improves the conduct and promotes the continuous wholesome growth of its members, it is of questionable value because growth is one of the chief purposes of mortal life. Growth more often than not requires us to take the right way even though it does "impede the free exercise of the faculties."

Several years ago I invited a very close friend who is a high authority in another church to take part in our college exercises, but a few weeks before the time came, he had a mild heart attack. He came nonetheless.

When he came into the office, I said, "How are you?"

"Well," he said, "they took away my cigarets; they took away my cigars; they took away my whiskey; and they took away my tea and coffee. I might just as well be one of you darned Mormons."

While attending school at the University of Chicago I observed a unique experiment. The chief of police had been asked by some high city officials to turn out the traffic lights and remove all traffic policy from a few intersections on State Street (in the heart of the city) in order to see what happened if traffic were given complete freedom. Well, as you would guess, the trucks, cars, and buses all jammed in to get across first; pedestrians were chased into the gutters; bumpers became locked; fenders were crushed; drivers began swearing and screaming at each other; and a traffic jam resulted that took the police the best part of an hour to untangle. Practically everyone wanted the free exercise of his faculties but the loss of all *freedom* to move resulted.

Once as a boy I traveled with an independent basketball team that played in many of the smaller towns. Frankly, I was shocked to see the marked contrast between the behavior of some of the boys while on trips and that at home. One of the best ways to test the character of a young man, I concluded, was to observe how he acted away from home where there were few restraints.

I shall never forget the wonderful sermon I heard the late Bishop Marvin O. Ashton of the Presiding Bishopric deliver. His subject was "We Are Judged by the Company We Keep."

In that sermon he told us that there was once a sheepman who died and left in his will the stipulation that his sheep were to be divided equally among his three sons. Now, one of the boys was a bit slow-witted—so much so that he had a pet lamb which followed him like a dog. The other two boys divided the sheep into three pens but placed all of the old gummers, the runts, the scabbies, and the pet lamb in the middle pen. Then they brought the simple-minded boy out and told him to take his pick of the pens.

Of course the pet lamb came over to the corral gate and bleated for its owner. The boy went inside, dropped to his knees, straightened the bow of the pink ribbon that was around the lamb's neck, petted the lamb, and told it he wouldn't part with it for the world. Then he looked around at the old gummers, the runts, and the scabbies, suddenly arose, and exclaimed, "But if that's the kind of company you keep, here's where you and I say good-bye!"

The bold-type headlines in two newspapers lying on my desk recently both screamed about youth crimes committed by juvenile delinquents that are brutal and barbaric beyond description. Furthermore, the police in New York say these gangs are getting almost out of hand. They make me wonder how far some youth in large cities are drifting from the commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." (Ex. 20:12)

When I read the news of the frequent terrible accidents, I grow sad at heart to see the number of young people who either meet a tragic death or cause the deaths of others. When I study crime statistics, I also grow faint to see that the average age of the criminal is now little above twenty years. These all

are they who demand the "free exercise of the faculties."

Education makes people self-governing. Out of 623 inmates in one penitentiary there are only 65 high school graduates. Of these 65 only 29 ever attended college and only 6 went beyond the sophomore year. Only fifteen percent of the total inmates are high school graduates. The churches and the schools are effective in developing moral and spiritual controls ("scruples") which make individuals live within the law and capable of governing themselves.

Huxley says: "A man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do entirely as he likes."

There was a time in the history of Greece when the masses of the people were self-disciplining to the extent that they were a very strong and quite democratic nation. But foreigners moved into the country and became so influential that they led much of the youth of the country to believe their philosophy, namely, that "man is the measure of all things." By that they meant that the individual's desires, his instincts, and his appetites should be satisfied without reference to any religion or creed. The Sophists advocated the "free exercise of the faculties," and the nation soon became so weak that it succumbed to enemies which it would not have feared in the days of its strength.

President Eisenhower says that this nation is a strong nation because it is a good nation and that when it ceases to be a good nation it will cease to be a strong nation. Goethe said: "Everything that liberates the spirit with a corresponding degree of self-mastery is pernicious."

Walter Lippmann writes: "Evidences of these difficulties lie all about us, in the brave and brilliant atheists who have defied God and have become nervous; in the women who have emancipated themselves from the tyranny of fathers, husbands, and homes, and with the help of a psychoanalyst are now enjoying liberty as an interior decorator; in the young men and women who are world weary at twenty-two and in the multitudes who drug themselves with pleasure."

Daniel Marsh, president of Boston University, describes freedom as "Independence from unjust restraint—not independence from properly constituted authority.

"A sense of responsibility is what a trellis is to a vine. The trellis restrains the vine in order that it may rise. One is free to do what is right—not to confuse liberty with license, nor freedom with irresponsibility, nor human rights with perversion."

These statements of Goethe, Lippmann, and Marsh are fairly well borne out by history and especially by the story of the Nephites and the Lamanites as told in the Book of Mormon.

All of history's great civilizations including the Book of Mormon peoples have followed observable cycles of growth, decay, and death.

The first, or growth, stage is characterized by simple, honest, religious, and industrious men uniting in their spiritual fervor to harness the forces of nature and make a civilization possible.

The second, or decay, stage is marked by wealth, learning, and skepticism. The actors at this period in the play deny the gods of their fathers and lose their spiritual fervor, developing a profusion of nonreligious philosophies.

The third, or death, stage is characterized by the collapse of society grown wealthy and cultured, but spiritually weak. In this stage people easily succumb to an adversary that would have proved a weak foe indeed to their spiritually strong forebears.

I feel that if we obey God we must have "scruples" and not impede the free exercise of the faculties. If America expects to survive without God and his help, we are expecting something that never has happened and undoubtedly something that never will happen.

When Moses approached the burning bush, God said unto him, ". . . put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." (Ex. 3:5.) We acquire in our LDS homes reverence for our country and believe it is "holy ground" because the Almighty has told us so through his prophets.

Nephi wrote that God said, ". . . behold, this land . . . shall be a land of thine inheritance, and the Gentiles shall be blessed upon the land.

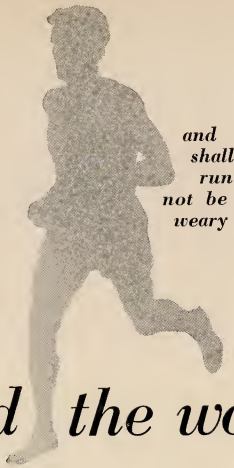
"And this land shall be a land of liberty . . . and there shall be no kings upon the land, . . .

"And I will fortify this land against all other nations.

"And he that fighteth against Zion shall perish, . . ." (2 Ne. 10:10-13.)

Every enlightened citizen in this land of our inheritance understands the difference between unlimited freedom and a constitutional democracy. Unlimited freedom is the "free exercise of the faculties." It may lead to license. It may become irresponsibility, the perversion of freedom. It may result in anarchy and the disintegration of society. A constitutional democracy, on the other hand, the type of government we have in America, was revealed to us as constituted of God by men whom the Almighty raised up for that purpose.

This great distinction between unlimited democracy and constitutional democracy we must teach our young people if we expect to have "righteousness in the home, order in the city, and peace in the nation."



man and the word of wisdom

by Albert L. Zobell, Jr.
Research Editor

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him? . . ." cried the Psalmist of old. (Psalm 8:4.)

"And God said," reads the creation account, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: . . .

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; . . ." (Gen. 1:26-27.)

"For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour," continued the Psalmist.

"Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:" (Psalm 8:5-6.)

Through Moses, ancient Israel was given rules governing what would be best for them during their sojourn in mortality. The Old Testament book of Leviticus contains many of these admonitions.

The re-establishment of the Church in the last days meant the restoration of all things. Shortly before the Church had attained its third birthday the revelation known as the Word of Wisdom was given to the Prophet Joseph Smith. (D & C 89.) February 27, 1958, was the one hundred twenty-fifth anniversary of this revelation.

It was given to the Prophet Joseph at a time when mankind little understood the true nature of most stimulants—and what foods were best for man.

Scientific research since 1833 has confirmed much that was revealed in the Word of Wisdom, and we have little doubt that additional scientific research will confirm more of this revelation.

The Word of Wisdom was revealed in 1833, and soon thereafter men of science, who had probably never heard of the Prophet Joseph Smith nor seriously considered his teachings, began independently to make discoveries in the fields of sanitation, nutrition, and health. There likely was never a period of time in the world's history when man has made so many discoveries that would permit him to "have dominion over the works of [God's] hands," if he only would, than in the past thirteen decades.

These statistics concerning the life expectancy in the United States may prove interesting: 1800, 33.0 years; 1855, 39.7 years; 1924, 58.1 years[1]; 1955, 70.0 years[2].

The strides in medicine, especially in recent years, have been great. The insurance company whose 1955 statistic is quoted reported that in the ten-year period prior to 1945, the life expectancy of their policy holders was increased five years.

But what of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? They benefit from the new knowledge in sanitation, safer childbirth, and the use of antibiotics in the trained hands of physicians. Does the additional knowledge given in the Word of Wisdom tend to lengthen the lifespan?

The 1955 Church statistics indicate that the death rate in the then 224 stakes of the Church was 5.53 per thousand.[3] The estimated death rate in the United States was 9.3 per thousand.[4]

(See page 207 for footnotes.)

Six Missing

by Horst A. Reschke

Sam, the old printer, was rubbing his hands against his ink-stained apron. He was obviously trying to clean them, although the apron was as black as his hands. I could not help wondering whether his hands were getting cleaner or more soiled.

As if he guessed my thoughts, Sam finally gave up and leaned across the glass counter. "Here are some sample wedding announcements, young man," he said, pushing a stack of white cards of various sizes and different styles of type towards me. After I had picked out a simple but nice looking card, I inquired about the price. "Well," he drawled, scratching the side of his head and leaving a black mark upon his left temple, "that depends on the number of cards and on the type. Also, I may have to charge you my regular price; but if you qualify, I could give you a fifteen percent discount."

"Qualify?" I was honestly puzzled. "What do you mean by 'qualify'?"

"To meet my requirements, you would have to include six words in your copy. These words will make all the difference." His eyes were sizing me up, and I could see by the way he looked at me over his nickel-plated spectacles that he was more than casually interested in my answer.

"But I couldn't spoil the entire card by putting six words on it, just to earn me a discount!" I said somewhat bewildered.

"Young man," said Sam solemnly, "the discount I can give you will be but a small token of the good fortune that will be in store for you if those six words can be put on your card." I had a vague idea then what he was referring to, but before I could open my mouth, he said, "If you have a minute, I'll tell you a little story." Upon my nodded agreement, he pushed his glasses back on his nose and commenced:

"A few years ago there lived down the street from me some young girls who had come to the city to find jobs. They were clean and neat looking and as sweet as they come. Having been raised in fine LDS communities, they could not help continuing the long observed practice of going to Church and of living a life worthy of the teachings of their parents. Sundays and weekdays alike found them active in the ward. That's how I first came to know them. Every morning when I opened my shop, they'd walk by on their way to the bus stop, and at night, sitting on the porch of my house, I would see them come home. They would flash a smile and call a friendly greeting. Sometimes they would stop for a chat and would pat Curt, my German shepherd, on the back. It brightened Curt's day and mine.

"One day, as I was cutting my hedge I saw one of the girls come down the street with a young man. She was the short one, with dark hair and deep violet eyes. 'Well,' I thought to myself, 'I wondered when one of them would come around with a boy friend.' As they came closer, I got a good look at the young man. He was quite handsome; with shiny black, curly hair, the build of an athlete, and the general air of one who knows he has a way with the girls. As they passed by, the girl nodded a shy greeting, seemingly embarrassed by the fact that the young fellow had his arm around her waist.

"The weeks slipped by and although the other girls came by as usual, I saw very little of the one with the boy friend. One night, when I had been out late, I saw her with him in a car parked in front of her apartment.

"Then one Saturday afternoon just as I was going to close shop, the doorbell rang, and I went out front to see who it was. You guessed it. There stood the little girl with the violet eyes. Only they weren't so violet now. Something (*Continued on page* 188)

Words



Genealogy

to prepare the way

by Albert E. (Bert) Hunt

Clarissa Elizabeth Truman Hunt turned in her bed for the hundredth time, sat up, turned on the light, and sighed, "Two a.m." Zera Pulsipher Terry Hunt, her husband, asked the obvious question, "What's the matter, dear?"

Clarissa replied, "A man keeps repeating his name over and over. If he will let me get some sleep, I will go to the library in the morning and see if I can find him." Whereupon she turned the light off and dropped into peaceful slumber.

The next morning Clarissa was waiting at the door of the library at opening time. When the door was unlocked, she walked in and while waiting at the desk for service noticed on a reading table a book that had been left out the night before. Curious, she picked up the book and let it fall open. As her eyes scanned the page they focused on a name: "Minor King." A thrill raced up her spine. "Minor King," she murmured, "you are a very impatient fellow!" This was the name of the man who had been so insistent in her mind during the night.

Looking down the page she saw the names of his wife and family. Also down the page was the family of Levi Valentine who had married a sister of Minor King's wife. Finding the husbands of these girls completed much sought-for information. Humbly thanking the Lord for his guidance, Clarissa Hunt hurried home to tell her husband the good news.

This happened back in 1929. On March 9, 1933, Clarissa, my mother, was called home to rejoice with the thousands of her people for whom she had opened the doors of salvation. I was twenty-one at this time and had been married three months. For the next eighteen years the immediate demands of getting an education, raising a family, and keeping the wolf from the door kept me very busy. But during these years there smoldered within me an unquenchable fire to carry on where my mother and other relatives had left off.

My love for the gospel was ever increasing through acceptance of the many opportunities the Church offers, and as it increased the knowledge struck home that thousands of my beloved ancestors hadn't had the privileges and blessings that were so bounteously bestowed upon me as a result of the gospel. Knowledge that an all-wise Father in heaven had provided that our noble ancestors should have these same privileges and blessings was ever with me.

In October 1950, after many long talks with my wife, who has been blessed with a great abundance of the spirit of Elijah, we came to the agreement that we would move back to Salt Lake City and do all in our power to reactivate our dormant family organization and personally to spend all possible time at the library. In January 1951 we moved from the dairy farm in Spanish Fork, and through the help of the Lord, I set up a health and massage business in the Deseret Gymnasium. Many hours were afforded me to step next door into the library and do research work. By the co-operation of our children, my faithful wife also spent many long hours there. After two long years of diligent labor, we came to the conclusion that to accomplish the maximum amount of good, we needed the services of a professional in the field. Therefore, for the next two years we tried to do what we had planned, to reactivate a good family organization. We did have the services of a professional from the Genealogical Society, but because so many demands are placed upon these workers it seemed impossible for them to do for any one patron the amount of work we wanted done.

In April of 1955 Brother E. Kay Kirkham walked into my office, and I could see clearly the lines of worry and concern written on his face. He felt the great weight of responsibility of so many patrons depending upon him as a worker of the Genealogical Society. The Holy Spirit brought into my heart with conviction that this was the man to do the research that was so pressing in my mind.

I proceeded with feelings of elation and confidence, and after discussing it with my relatives, I persuaded Brother Kirkham to go to work for us.

With goals high, and backed with a strong determination to succeed, we started to lay our plans. It was decided that a monthly bulletin should be published to keep in touch with all known relatives and help them to understand what was going on in our research. Acting upon this plan, we sent the first bulletin in June of 1955 to over five hundred relatives. To make it easier for them to contribute, a self-addressed envelope with a contribution slip was sent with each bulletin.

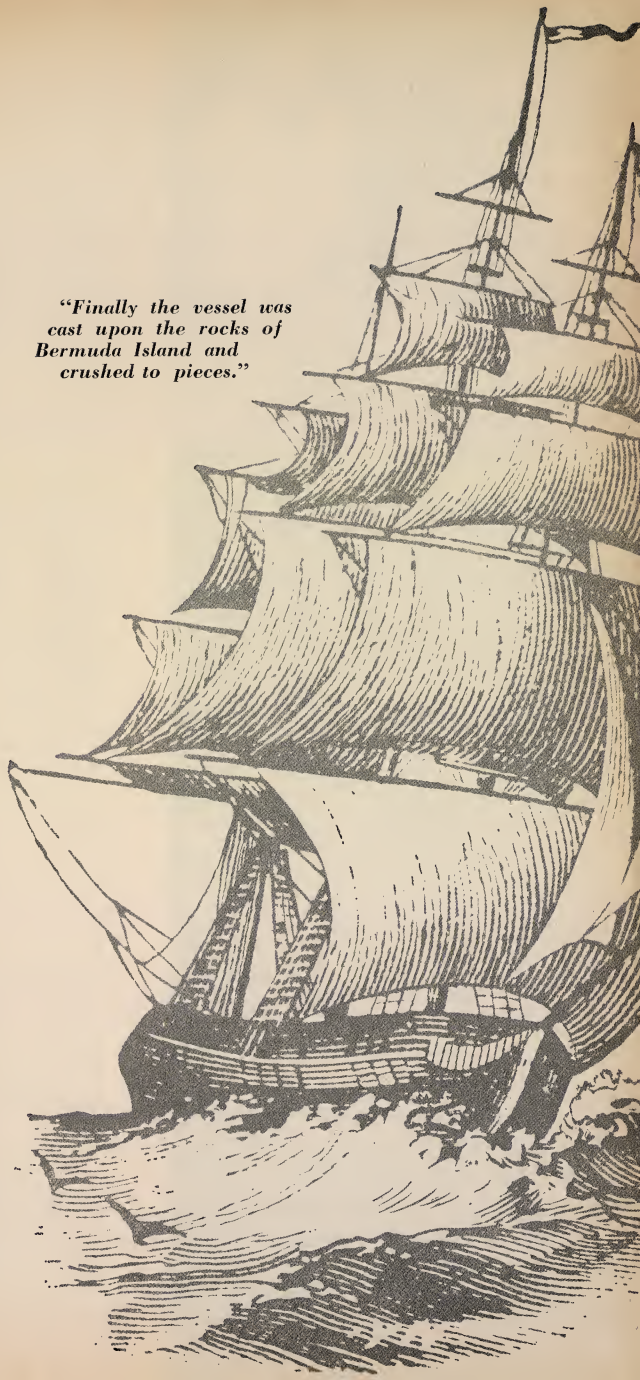
After planning carefully and checking with the Index Bureau, it was decided to put our efforts, first, on the Welborn surname. We usually neglect our maternal lines, and this had been true in our case. Fewer than two hundred Welborn names were found in the Index Bureau.

Some of the following are excerpts taken from our monthly bulletins:

John Welborn, the ninth generation from Nancy Garret Welborn, first wife of Amos Hunt and my second great-grandmother, was one of a company of colonists who set sail from England and came to Old Jamestown, Virginia, on May 24, 1610. (The following extract is from the copyright book of H. C. Wilborn, entitled *Welborn, Wilburn, History and Genealogy.* 1953.)

"The ill-fated *Sea Venture* sailed from Plymouth, England, June 2, 1609, in a squadron of seven vessels, carrying all together, over five hundred emigrant passengers for the Jamestown settlement. Almost from the beginning the voyage was ill-omened and unfortunate. A violent storm scattered and separated the ships of the fleet, some of which never reached their destination. The *Sea Venture* that had on board Sir George Somers, admiral of the expedition; Lt. General Thomas Gates; and Captain Newport, far out in the Atlantic encountered a disastrous hurricane. It had been separated from the rest of the fleet, and now officers, crew members, and passengers had to fight three days and four nights without rest or sleep, pumping and bailing, to save the ship from sinking.

"Finally the vessel was cast upon the rocks of Bermuda Island and crushed to pieces. Seemingly by providential intervention, all the people reached the shore (*Continued on page* 182)



"Finally the vessel was cast upon the rocks of Bermuda Island and crushed to pieces."



A Record-Keeping People

by President Milton R. Hunter
of the First Council of the Seventy

In preparation for the next visit of the ward teachers, it is hoped that each family will read, as a part of their family hour, this stirring article. It is one of a series in which General Authorities, in cooperation with the Presiding Bishopric, discuss the monthly ward teaching topics.

Perhaps no religious body has been so careful and exacting in keeping records of the history and accomplishments of its people, of the ordinance work for both the living and the dead, and of the Church standing of individual members, as has the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This record keeping has come about not accidentally, but as a result of several divine revelations to the Prophet Joseph Smith at the time of the restoration of the gospel.

Commandment by revelation

So vital and important is record keeping in God's kingdom that on April 6, 1830, while the Prophet and five others were in session organizing the Church, the Lord revealed the following:

"Behold, there shall be a record kept among you; and in it thou shalt be called a seer, a translator, a prophet, an apostle of Jesus Christ, an elder of the church through the will of God the Father, and the grace of your Lord Jesus Christ,

"Being inspired of the Holy Ghost to lay the foundation thereof, and to build it up unto the most holy faith." (D & C 21:1-2.)

At various times following that revelation, the Savior instructed Joseph regarding the keeping of accurate and detailed records pertaining to every phase of his Church and kingdom.

Perhaps the most valuable record to each of us is our personal Church membership record. These records should be on file in the ward in which each of us resides in order that we might be ordained to the various offices in the priesthood and that we may obtain recommends from our bishops to perform ordinance work in the temples, as well as to make ourselves available for service in any capacity in the Church to which we may be called.

On March 8, 1831, less than a year after the organization of the Church, the Lord through revelation chose a Church historian and gave instructions relative to keeping accurate Church historical records. To quote from the revelation:

"Behold, it is expedient in me that my servant John [Whitmer] should write and keep a regular history, . . .

"And again, I say unto you that it shall be appointed unto him to keep the church record and history continually; . . .

"Wherefore, it shall be given him, inasmuch as he is faithful, by the Comforter, to write these things. Even so. Amen." (*Ibid.*, 47:1, 3-4.)

As a result of that revelation and following the beginning made by John Whitmer, the Church has had many outstanding Church historians, President Joseph Fielding Smith acting in that position today.

The Prophet Joseph Smith became the first renowned historical writer in the Church. His secretaries recorded many of the things he said. He kept a daily journal. These numerous important historical and doctrinal items have been edited by B. H. Roberts and published under the title of *History of the Church,* Period I, ofttimes called the *Documentary History of the Church.* There are six large volumes. This voluminous work, coming primarily from the mouth or pen of the Prophet, gives us the basis for the history of the Church down to the time of the martyrdom. All historians who write on the eastern period of Mormon history draw extensively upon this work.

Brigham Young and numerous other Church leaders followed the instructions and example of the Prophet Joseph and kept diaries or daily journals. When the Mormon exiles began their trek westward, Brigham Young instructed them that in keeping with earlier Mormon practice and God's command a careful record must be kept of all activities and important sermons. Every pioneer company was to have an authorized camp historian, who was to keep a minute record of all matters pertinent to preserving an accurate and detailed history of the Saints. In the Great Basin each company of explorers and each group of colonizers had a regularly appointed historian. Included in these records are minutes of public meetings and copies of all important letters. Following Brigham Young's time the same policy has prevailed to the present day.

A vast majority of these journals have been collected in the Church Historian's library at 47 East South Temple, Salt Lake City. The manuscript collection in the Church archives is exceedingly extensive. The result is that the Church Historian's library occupies a large area in the Church Office Building, and a large staff is employed in compiling the records.

One of the most important collections in this vast library is the *Latter-day Saint Journal History.* This historical collection contains a daily report of important events of the Church from its organization in 1830 to the present time. It includes transcripts from original documents of the Church, letters, diaries, exploration, and other official reports, minutes of important Church meetings, and relevant newspaper reports. The collection is made up into large scrapbooks, with typewritten pages in loose-leaf form.

There are numerous manuscript histories of branches, wards, stakes, and missions in the Church Historian's library. There is also a file containing a large collection of miscellaneous letters and other original documents alphabetically arranged.

The Church Historian's library also contains many published works. It contains sets of *The Journal of Discourses,* which are twenty-six volumes covering the period from 1854 to 1886, which contain hundreds of speeches given by President Brigham Young, his counselors, the apostles, and other Church leaders. There are in the collection, also, complete sets of *The Millennial Star, The Improvement Era, The Contributor,* all issues of *The Deseret News,* and most issues of *The Salt Lake Tribune* and other prominent Utah newspapers. In summary, there are approximately 600 sets of private journals, 100,000 ward, stake, branch, and mission records, almost a complete file of congressional records, approximately 2400 volumes of anti-Mormon books, two complete copies of almost everything published by the Church, and numerous other books—in all, approximately 40,000 volumes. These numerous records comprise the library of the Church. Truly, the Latter-day Saints have followed God's commandment to be "a record-keeping people."

Accuracy essential

Early in September 1842 the Prophet wrote two letters to the Saints at Nauvoo, Illinois, in which he gave them detailed instructions on baptism for the dead and the exact method by which records of the same should be made and preserved. To quote:

"Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you concerning your dead: When any of you are baptized for your dead, let there be a recorder, and let him be eye-witness of your baptisms; let him hear with his ears, that he may testify of a truth, saith the Lord;

"That in all your recordings it may be recorded in heaven; whatsoever you (*Continued on page* 193)



Dr. Milton R. Hunter, author of this month's family discussion topic, is a trained historian and an author of several volumes. He was sustained as a member of the First Council of the Seventy at the April 1945 general conference.

The Church Mourns the Passing of

Elder Thomas E. McKay

by Marba C. Josephson
Associate Managing Editor

Brother McKay loved people and people loved him. He was firm in his faith, but tolerant of others. He felt there was goodness in all men.

Elder Thomas Evans McKay, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve since 1941, twice mission president of the Swiss-German Mission as well as a missionary to that country in his youth, educator, lawmaker, has offered the fruits of his talents to his community and his Church during the eighty-two years of his life.

The many activities of Thomas E. McKay's life were diversified, but all united to contribute to his character and make him a great force for good. In his lifelong interest in education he taught by love as well as by example. He became principal of the Pingree School in Ogden, Utah, in 1899 following immediately his graduation from the University of Utah. In 1900 he received a call to a foreign mission, to serve, he understood, in the British Mission, but he was assigned as a missionary in Germany for three years. When he returned, he taught for two years at Weber Academy, which institution he left to become a teacher at what is now the Utah State University. After two years at this institution he was called to serve as superintendent of the Weber County school district in which capacity he served for two years.

His service to his community having been demonstrated through his teaching and supervisory work, he proved his wider community interest through election in the Utah State Legislature: first in the House of Representatives for two years (1919-1921); and then in the Senate, where he held the office of president for two terms. In 1923 he was appointed a member of the Public Utilities Commission (the Public Service Commission of today) where he served for fourteen years. In 1924, Elder McKay also served as Utah chairman of the Western Shippers advisory board, in which organization he was elected general chairman in 1929. He was also appointed to the executive committee of the National Association of Railroad and Utilities Commissioners in the same year.

Throughout his life Elder McKay served in the priesthood and auxiliary organizations of the Church. His great leadership early evidenced itself, and he was called as second counselor in the Ogden Stake presidency at the time of its division from the Weber Stake, a position which was interrupted by a call to the presidency of the Swiss-German Mission in 1909. When he returned in 1912 from this service, Elder McKay was again called to the stake presidency.

In September 1912, Elder McKay married Faun Brimhall, daughter of the noted educator, George H. Brimhall, and Flora Robertson Brimhall. They were blessed with five children, four daughters and a son, who survive Elder McKay's passing: Flora Jennette Jensen, Fawn Brodie, Barbara Fay Smith, Marjorie Louise Card, and Thomas Brimhall McKay. Also mourning Elder McKay's passing are eighteen grandchildren.

Elder Clifford E. Young, appointed as an Assistant to the Twelve on the same day as Elder McKay was



Elder Thomas E. McKay, one of the first five Assistants to the Council of the Twelve sustained at the April 1941 general conference, was born October 29, 1875, and died January 15, 1958.

appointed, said in his funeral sermon, honoring Elder McKay,

"Thomas Evans McKay was the son of David and Jennette Evans McKay and was born in Huntsville, October 29, 1875. His parents were converts to the Church, his father having come from Scotland, his mother from Wales. Brother McKay often paid affectionate tribute to his worthy parents. I quote from his address in the April 1944 Conference. 'I feel more grateful than ever this morning for my mother, that she was instrumental in insisting on my father's accepting his call to go into the mission field at the time he was called and would not permit him to postpone that call for a year because of her delicate condition. That was a great decision in the history of the David McKay family, and I appreciate it more this morning than ever. She said, "David, you go on that mission. The Lord wants you now, not a year from now. He can take care of me when you are in Scotland as well as if you were at my bedside." It was just ten days after he left for the mission field that a beautiful little spirit, one of the choicest, came to our home. She was over two years old before my father saw her. I say I am grateful that decision was made to go on a mission at that time.'

"His assignment as one of the General Authorities took him to all parts of the Church and he was respected and appreciated by all the Church members that were fortunate enough to come under his kindly influence.

"Brother McKay loved people and people loved him. He was firm in his faith, but tolerant of others who did not believe as he did. He felt there was a goodness in all men.

"He loved the outdoors and knew that to spend a few hours on some of our beautiful mountain streams with a fishing rod was a good cure for much of the evil that is in the world. I have no fear of the outcome.

"In Luke we read, 'Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain (*Continued on page* 184)





"Christ Brought Before Pilate," from a painting by Michael Munkacsy

"It Is Finished," from a painting by Johann von Kdeler-Wiliandi

Christ

The Lord of the world had placed himself in the hands of his accusers. It was midnight Thursday. Only fifteen hours of his mortal life remained. He had preached the gospel; he had showered his compassion upon the sick and the unfortunate; he had established his church. He now faced another important part of his mission, as set forth in the great plan of salvation—voluntarily laying down his life to atone for the sins of mankind and becoming the first fruits of the resurrection.



is Crucified

by Doyle L. Green, Managing Editor

The events of those fifteen hours—the mockery, the indignities, the humiliation, the suffering endured by a God at the hands of men would be all but unspeakable were it not for the fact that they had to be endured. Authorities in Jewish and Roman law, carefully studying these doings point out more than a dozen ways in which the arrest and the subsequent proceedings were unprecedented—not only unethical but actually illegal according to existing law, tradition, and practice. A victim of evil political and religious conspiracy contrived by jealous, bigoted, and blinded men, Jesus was not even given the consideration that a common criminal could have expected.

From peaceful Gethsemane Jesus was taken, bound, down the steep paths and narrow streets back into the city of Jerusalem. Where? To a prison where he could be safely kept awaiting the proper filing of charges and holding of a trial? No! Rather to the house of Annas. The former high priest, Annas was an opportunist, rich, powerful, and crafty enough to have maneuvered his son-in-law, Caiaphas, into his position when he vacated it. One would almost have to believe that the order for the Savior's arrest came from Annas and that the officers were now displaying their prize as evidence that they had succeeded in their evil assignment.

One can picture Christ, standing majestically though bound in cords, before the old, snarling leader of the Jews. Answering the former high priest's questions about his disciples and his doctrine, the Lord said:

"I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort: and in secret have I said nothing.

(See page 207 for footnotes.)



"The Way of the Cross," from a painting by Heinrich Hofmann

"Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them: behold, they know what I said."

Annas must have shrunk at the rebuff. He would not permit such words to be spoken to him by a prisoner. Probably at his signal one of the officers struck Jesus in the face with the palm of his hand. "Answerest thou the high priest so?" he jeered.

"If I have spoken evil," Jesus calmly replied to the officer, "bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou me?" This ended the interim with Annas.

Jesus was next taken to the home of Caiaphas. For what purpose? Remember, it was past midnight. Assembled at the house of the high priest were the chief priests and the elders or probably what amounted to a high council of the Sanhedrin which had met according to pre-arranged plans to condemn Jesus to death. This was their only desire. They didn't want him merely imprisoned or punished in some other way. Death was the only answer to this man who in their minds threatened their positions and contradicted their teachings.

In preparation for this infamous session, knowing full well that Jesus had done or said nothing they could rightfully condemn him for, they had sought false witnesses, probably with the help of evil money such as they gave to the betrayer, Judas Iscariot. The finding of such men who were willing to perjure themselves was not hard, but getting their stories to agree was another matter. Finally they did find two who testified: "This fellow said, 'I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days.'"

Was this the best evidence they had? Was this statement, misinterpreted and misused though it was, grounds on which to sentence a man to death?

Jesus was silent. He knew the proceedings were but mockery.

"Answerest thou nothing?" demanded the high priest; "what is it which these witness against thee?"

Still Jesus did not speak.

"I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God," Caiaphas demanded.

Why prolong the mockery? "Thou hast said," the Lord replied, which was the same as saying, "Yes, what you say is true." Then he added, "Nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven."

Triumphantly the high priest rent his clothes and screamed: "He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy.

"What think ye?" he asked the council.

Unanimously they agreed that Jesus was guilty and should be put to death.



"Peter Denies Christ," from a painting by Graf Harrach

What thoughts were going through the mind of the big fisherman, Peter, as he witnessed these shameful proceedings? He had gained admittance to the house through the help of "another disciple" who had used his influence to get him past the girl who was the keeper of the door. This "other disciple" seems to have been John the Beloved, as he alone gives the details of Peter's admittance to the house. In his writings he never refers to himself by name.

Nevertheless the girl at the door thought she recognized Peter. "Art not thou also one of this man's disciples?" she asked. To admit he was undoubtedly would mean that he would not be permitted to enter. He wanted to be as close to his Lord as possible.

"I am not," he answered.

It was a chilly night, and in the courtyard some of the servants and officers had made a fire of coals. Peter joined the group to warm himself. A second person thought he recognized Peter and approached him saying, "Art not thou also one of his disciples?" Again Simon answered, "I am not."

An hour had passed when one of the servants of the high priest, a relative of the man whose ear Peter had cut off with the sword in the Garden, was attracted to Peter, seemingly because of his Galilean accent. "Did not I see thee in the garden with him?" he questioned. For the third time Peter denied being a follower of the Lord. Even before he had finished speaking the cock crew. Luke records:

"And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.

"And Peter went out, and wept bitterly."

It is hard to imagine the leaders of a people permitting, if not participating, in the degrading and disgusting maltreatment of the Savior that followed. They spat in his face and beat him. Blindfolding him they slapped him and mocked, "Prophesy, who is it that smote thee?"

How long they tormented the Lord is not told in the records, but he was seemingly in the hands of these evil men for several hours, or "until morning was come." There remained the formality of having the Sanhedrin make the condemnation official. Although this body had no power under the Roman law actually to put a person to death, they knew that a strong recommendation of their quorum would be listened to by the Roman governor.

The Sanhedrin had an official meeting place close to one of the gates of the temple. It seems likely that Jesus was led to this place to face this group of Jewish "chief priests, elders and scribes" soon after daybreak, or as early as a quorum could be assembled. This mock hearing seems to have lasted but a few minutes.

"Art thou the Christ?" the question was put to him.

"If I tell you, ye will not believe": the Lord answered.

"And if I also ask you, ye will not answer me, nor let me go."

Nevertheless Jesus continued: "Hereafter shall the Son of man sit on the right hand of the power of God."

As with one voice this group of vultures, seemingly feeling they had their prey within their grasp, chorused, "Art thou then the Son of God?"

REJUVENATION

by Dora Toone Brough

The roots awaken, stir from restful sleep,
Each bud and leaf a token of rebirth.
The sunlight's smile and singing, laughing rain
Help Lady Spring rejuvenate the earth.

"Ye say that I am," the Lord responded.

As far as the Jewish leaders were concerned, the trial was over. The prisoner stood condemned.

Judas must have been nearby, clutching in his shaking hands the bag containing the thirty pieces of silver which the betrayal had brought him. How the words *guilty* and *death* must have cut at his already tormented and blackened soul! We would like to believe that he never thought that his betraying the Master would actually bring about his death. Maybe yet, he thought, by admitting his guilt, and returning the money, he could right the terrible wrong he had done. Rushing into the Sanhedrin, he babbled, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood."

The council members must have looked upon the wretched man with contempt. "What is that to us?" they jeered; "see thou to that."

Realizing the utter hopelessness of what he had done, the miserable, demented man threw the coins down onto the floor of the temple and, rushing out, he put an end to his life by hanging himself.

Now Jesus was led to the Roman judgment halls of the governor, Pontius Pilate. The Jews remained in the courtyard, however, fearing they would be defiled if they actually entered the building. Here again all of the procedures of a proper trial seem to have been ignored. When Pilate asked the people what charges they had to make against the accused, they tried to avoid the question, seemingly trying to maneuver the governor into condemning Jesus without a hearing. They certainly would not have revealed the proceedings of their own trial.

"If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up unto thee," they assured him.

Either Pilate saw through their cunning or misunderstood them. "Take ye him, and judge him according to your law," he suggested.

Quickly they responded: "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death." So that was it! They wanted him to condemn this man to death!

What were the charges? The clever Jews had all the answers. Should they say blasphemy? No, this would mean nothing to the Roman governor. But they had trumped up three charges which should cause him to take notice: (1) "perverting the nation," or in other words stirring up the people; (2) "forbidding to give tribute to Caesar;" and (3) "saying that he himself is Christ a King."

Pilate took Jesus into a room where he could talk to him away from the crowd. "Art thou the King of the Jews?" he asked.

Jesus answered with a question: "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?"

Pilate assured him he was not making the accusation. "Am I a Jew?" he apologized. "Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me: what hast thou done?"

"My kingdom is not of this world:" Jesus explained; "if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence."

The governor pressed the question. "Art thou a king then?"

"Thou sayest that I am a king," Jesus responded. "To this end was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

Pilate hesitated. "What is truth?" he asked. But without waiting for an answer he went out to report to the Jews, "I find no fault in this man." But they were insistent: "He stirred up the people," they charged, "teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place."

So the accused was a (*Continued on page* 186)

O GIVE ME SUDDEN SNOW!

by Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I watch the rain on leaves beneath the trees
So lately red and golden on the limb.
The fire dance is over, ecstasies
Subsiding in one wind-tuned interim.
But great was their abandon in the hour
When Time's invisible, imperious hands
Decreed their death. Obedient to power
Beyond resistance, they careened in bands.
How beautiful their color on the wind!
How light their grace! How eloquent as laughter
Their muted gossip under boughs time-thinned!
How sodden now while long rains slither after!
Such gaiety deserved arrested flight
Caught under sudden snowbanks crisp and white.

Thus when the spring comes golden in the horns
Of daffodils and fragrant in the stars
Which circle stems of hyacinths, and thorns
Grow greener on the roses' climbing spars;
The soddenness of leaves would not be sad.
They would blend richly with the garden mold.
The spade would turn them to the warming, glad,
Awakening furrows and the hope they hold.
Lost beauties live again within the new.
After the tumult, out of the darkness come
The strength, the fragrances, the joys that grew
On other stems and quickened other drums
As red as ours, an endless living chain.
O give me sudden snow, not long gray rain!



A Part of Our Caring

by Helen Wilson

The other day I sat at the bedside of an eighty-five year old woman who, I learned, had at eight walked from central Utah to southeastern Arizona, one of its earlier Latter-day Saint settlers; who had borne thirteen children and lost eight of them; who had for years cared for her family seated on a chair because she was too weak to stand; who after she was widowed paid off a four thousand dollar debt, sent two sons on missions, two daughters to college, went to college and became county school superintendent, searched out many thousands of temple names, part of them while living in a tent and writing by candlelight, had their work done for them, built a small home; who all her life had encouraged faith, obedience, and loyalty to the Church, in her children.

Now she was dying, and had lost all power of speech and was unable to recognize her family. As I listened to the above facts about her, told by a daughter, I thought: "What a marvelous story lies behind that sketch! What a life she has lived! What inspiration her descendants will have in reading about her!"

And it could have been thus, except for one thing. Not a single word of that woman's marvelous story, not one of her told and retold experiences, not a word of her testimony of the gospel had been recorded by her children or grandchildren. For the most part, said her daughter, they had paid her little attention in their busy days. They knew little more about her now than I have written here.

When a long life righteously lived ends, there is sorrow and loneliness among those affected, but it is not a bitter experience. Even when a young person is taken, the happening loses much of the sorrow and questioning inherent in death if among those concerned there is a testimony of the eternal individuality of man.

But there is one circumstance under which death is always a great sadness, always in a sense unexpected, and always a loss far beyond the companionship of someone we love. It is when, as with the above woman, death takes a person whose recollections of childhood, whose knowledge of unrecorded dates and places pertinent to family genealogy, whose inspirational experiences and testimony of the gospel, go with them; when the family realizes too late, or never realizes, what great wealth has been lost.

This matter is important for several reasons. In the first place, the passage of time often lends prestige and power to worth-while words. A little aging can make counsel seem more important, so that a youngster who pays no attention to Mom or Dad is often in awe at great-grandfather's courage and faith (which somehow seem timely even after all these years!).

Because wisdom gains this prestige with aging, it ought to be a part of our caring to look forward to a time when the lives of our parents and grandparents will be even more valuable than they seem now. Families who in their histories have stories of personal contact with the Prophet Joseph, Brigham Young, and other early leaders cherish them. Similar experiences, with modern leaders, will someday also be cherished—but only if kept.

Too few young people today know the joy and inspiration of really getting acquainted with the old folk, even their own grandparents and great-grandparents. Yet, how such a relationship would buoy the tired spirits of the aged, (*Continued on page* 190)

"Get thee up . . . be illuminated"

by Sterling W. Sill
Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

The greatest opportunity of our lives is to catch fire, to shake off our lethargy, to wake ourselves up.

Socrates said, "Let him who would move the world, first move himself."

One of the most profound secrets of success in church work, or in anything else, begins with vigorous, continuous, physical activity. The great British Prime Minister Disraeli once defined genius as "the power to make continuous effort." This is also one of the most important parts of church leadership. It is one of the most important teachings of the gospel. Our eternal exaltation in large measure depends upon it.

The Lord has said, "He that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand," (D & C 107:100.) "Thou shalt not be idle." (*Ibid.*, 42:42.) ". . . the idler shall not have place in the church, except he repent and mend his ways." (*Ibid.*, 75:29.) "Now, I, the Lord, am not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them." (*Ibid.*, 68:31.) Idleness is wickedness. We must "work" out our salvation. Only the "valiant" shall inherit the celestial kingdom. (See *ibid.*, 76:79.) "Let every man be diligent in all things." (*Ibid.*, 75:29.)

One of our most vital problems is how best to promote this all important diligence in our own lives. Some try driving themselves from the outside; that is very difficult. There are others who fire themselves from within; that is much easier. The most effective leader is usually the one who can generate to its maximum this great internal power. These are they who "do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness" of their own accord. But we need to remember that one of the most important elements in our lives is plain, simple, honest industry.

There is a great verse in the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah in which the prophet says, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come." This verse was translated by Cloverdale to say—"Get thee up—be illuminated."

Each human being must answer to God for the effectiveness of his own life. (See D & C 72:3.) We can imagine how the Lord feels when we lie down on the job; for example, he said to the members of the Church at Laodicea, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: . . .

". . . because thou art lukewarm, . . . I will spue thee out of my mouth.

". . . thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." (Rev. 3:15-17.) The Laodiceans were not exactly on fire with enthusiasm for their church work, and the Lord was certainly not very much pleased about it.

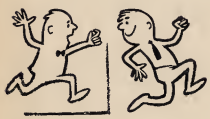


"the living sleep above the ground . . . as the dead do beneath"

Sometimes our own experience gives additional importance to some particular idea. I recently visited a stake which had some of the same problems as the Laodiceans, and I was impressed then that this line from Isaiah is one of the most thrilling lines in all of the scriptures. The members of this particular stake, like those at Laodicea, had lost their fire. They also

had some of the earmarks of a first-class cemetery, where the living sleep above the ground almost as soundly as the dead do beneath.

The greatest opportunity of our lives is to catch fire, to shake off our lethargy, to wake ourselves up, and get going. There is so much to be done and so little time in which to do it. We should impress ourselves with the seriousness of "slothfulness" and be aware of the fact that our "greatest sin is to be conscious of none."



He prided himself on how he had resisted appointments to Church assignments

The army has taught us something about the seriousness of "sleeping at the post." The infant sleeps most of the time. Life is a constant struggle against sleep, which has been described as "a morsel of death." If this spiritual drowsiness is too much indulged in in our religious lives, it brings about spiritual death. "Idleness is wickedness" because it brings failure to every accomplishment, and in the work of the Lord we must not fail.

Recently a man was priding himself on how successfully he had resisted appointments to Church assignments. He acted as if this were his greatest virtue. Like the Laodiceans, he was not even aware of his own poverty. Most of our problems come from this partial awareness of things. Even when we are supposed to be awake, sleep partially possesses most of us. Even the chosen disciples could not stay awake to sustain the Son of God in the very hour when, under the burden of their sins, he sweat great drops of blood at every pore. Following that example, we often make common jokes about sleeping in Church where we have gone to worship God and learn his will. How appropriate, therefore, are the timely words of Isaiah, coming down across the centuries to inspire us to throw off this spiritual drowsiness and produce within ourselves that kind of spiritual ambition which foretells a happy immortality and glorious exaltation.

When Alice was exploring the mysteries of Wonderland, she met a strange-looking lock in the garden, with feet and hands that made it resemble a human being. It was running around frantically looking behind trees and bushes and under stones, as if it were searching for something. At length, overcome by curiosity, Alice asked, "What are you searching for?" The lock said, "I am searching for the key with which to unlock myself. If I do not find that key, I am doomed to remain shut up within myself all of my life. I shall never get out. Therefore, I must find the key to unlock myself."

Almost more than anything else, we need to get ourselves unlocked, to break the cords of lethargy which hold us bound, and release that God-given potential with which each of us has been endowed. Effective activity is the roadway to every accomplishment. Probably the most bitter denunciation that Jesus ever heaped upon the head of anyone was upon him who hid his talents in the ground. He said, "Thou wicked and slothful servant." What a great sin is sloth, and how effortlessly we can bring its penalties upon ourselves.

To become what we sometimes call "lost" one need not necessarily be a wicked or notorious sinner. He needs only to be overcome by the fumes of inertia. Sometimes we get what has been called "gray sickness." That is when we are half asleep and half awake, half dead and half alive. That is when a child of God, intended to be the masterpiece of creation, sinks into this "partial death" and is overcome by lack of interest, inertia, boredom, ignorance, indecision, and indifference. Death is inactivity. Life is intelligent enthusiasm and vigorous, continuous effort.



Many good Church members depend for their exaltation upon the "prodding" of someone else

Just think how many good members of the Church depend for their exaltation upon the "prodding," "encouragement," and continual "reminding," of someone else. "If we really believe as we believe, then why do we do as we do?"

It was reported that one bishop formed the habit

PRAYER FOR A SON

by Patricia Duff McGinley

Dear Lord, please make his body strong,
With muscled arm and steady hand.
Grant his stride be easy, long;
Let him run swiftly, proudly stand.

In that eager body, Lord,
Let a laughing spirit glow,
And fortify my spirit toward
The time when I must let him go.

of going down to the railroad station every morning to see the train pull out. Someone asked him why, and he said that it just made him feel so good to see something move on its own power, without his having to push it.

We ought to "make up our minds" about our faith and then back up our convictions with our whole hearts. The difference between half a heart and a whole heart makes the difference between signal defeat, and wonderful victory. Someone said that a "tired businessman" is one whose business is not successful; and a tired church worker is one whose heart is not in what he is doing.

One is not always "lost" because he does wrong; he may be "lost" merely because he does nothing. Neglect itself is often fatal, just as a man who has been poisoned needs only to neglect to take the antidote, and he will die.

Faith without works is dead; when we try to isolate faith from its appropriate task, it always dies. Faith cannot survive without activity. When the proper activity is absent, death comes to our leadership, our convictions, our faith, our knowledge, our skills, our good habits, and our testimonies. And every man who refuses activity loses the benefit that goes therewith.

We generate doubts, negative attitudes, and bad habits in periods of inactivity. An inactive man does not realize his potentialities only because he will not. Degeneration of the spirit is the failure properly to use the faculties that God has implanted within us. Man has been compared to the old Model T Ford: when you turn off the engine the lights go out.

The gospel of Jesus Christ is far more than a set of great ideas; it is also a set of great activities. The letters "LDS" stand for Latter-day Saints. They could also stand for, "Let's do something."

If we fail in our activity, we automatically bring ourselves under the sentence of "death by disuse." Spirituality withers when, like an unused arm, it is tied constantly in a sling. In all of nature, disuse is as mortal a sin as abuse. The mole refuses to use its eyes and thereby loses its sight, just as surely as if its sight were shot out by a bullet. Everyone is under bond for the effective use of his talents. The law says, "Use them or lose them." The penalty says, "From him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath." To everyone who buries his talents life says, "Take therefore the talent from him, and give it to him who has ten talents." It is a great sin to hide one's light under a bushel, and it is one of the greatest Christian virtues to "arise and shine," for our light will come only as our need, desire, and activity shall call it forth.

An explorer was once traveling through a cold Arctic winter night. He was not particularly uncomfortable, but as he proceeded he felt a sluggish, drowsy feeling coming over him. He decided to lie down and rest. Then all of a sudden he realized he was freezing to death. The thought so startled him that he got up and began to run with all his might. The excitement and vigorous exertion quickened the heart action and he soon had a good supply of warm blood circulating through his body. Then the danger was past. His life had been saved because he "got up" and increased his activity.

This experience has its counterpart in our spiritual affairs. It is not uncommon to see spiritual lethargy resembling the numbness that precedes the death of a freezing man. From this dread malady there is one certain prevention and one sure cure. It is the inspired formula of Isaiah, "Get thee up—be illuminated." Run for your life! Get your blood circulating. Step on the gas. Be active. Get on the ball. Use your talents to their utmost. Talk about a spiritual "wonder drug!" Isaiah has given us a formula that can solve almost all of our leadership problems and almost every other problem in and out of the Church.

Goethe said, "An idle life is death anticipated." It is an easy thing for God to raise the dead; it is not quite so simple to put new life in a lazy, disinterested, slothful servant of the Lord. How tragic is the oppression of the spiritual drowsiness preceding spiritual decay. Then we have the feeling like one of old who said, "Lo, I am weary in mind and weak in spirit and little strength is there in me." Then always comes the natural judgment saying, "Woe to him of fearful heart and faint hands, for he believeth not; therefor he bringeth damna- (*Continued on page* 186)

MORNING IN MARCH

by Jean Mergard

This morning someone tapped upon my door
While I was busy cleaning for the week;
But loath to stop before a visitor
Should find me thus, I took a curtained peek.
And there in dress of ruffled crocus-yellow,
Dappled with violets, and with a ring
Twined in her hair of dogwood blooms mist-mellow,
Was our almost forgotten neighbor, Spring.
My tasks left waiting, eagerly I raced
To welcome one we utterly adore;
But hardly had the two of us embraced,
When Winter blew me back and slammed the door.
Now I find work no longer matters much,
New-stirred with dreams by Spring's first, gentle touch.



Thoughts for your Inspirational Talk

on . . . Knowledge

Knowledge must be adorned, it must have lustre as well as weight, or it will be oftener taken for lead than for gold.
—Lord Chesterfield, Letters

▪

It is the peculiarity of knowledge that those who really thirst for it always get it.
—Richard Jeffries, *Country Literature*

▪

An investment in knowledge pays the best interest.
—Benjamin Franklin, *Poor Richard*

A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth in strength.
—Proverbs 24:5

▪

Strange how much you've got to know
Before you know how little you know.
—Anonymous

▪

That jewel knowledge is great riches, which is not plundered by kinsmen, nor carried off by thieves, nor decreased by giving.
—Bhavabhuti

He said it best that knew it best.
—Francis Bacon, *Essays: On Boldness*

▪

Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.
—Daniel Webster

▪

The mind of man is the world's true dimension; and knowledge is the measure of the mind.
—Greville

Crowns have their compass—length of days their date—
Triumphs their tomb—felicity, her fate—
Of nought but earth can earth make us partaker,
But knowledge makes a king most like his Maker.
—Shakespeare,
"Epigram on King James I"

▪

Knowledge is a treasure, but practice is the key to it.
—Thomas Fuller, *Gnomologia*

Men are four:
He who knows not and knows not he knows not, he is a fool—shun him;
He who knows not and knows he knows not, he is simple—teach him;
He who knows and knows not he knows, he is asleep—wake him;
He who knows and knows he knows, he is wise—follow him!
—Lady Burton
"Life of Sir Richard Burton"

Knowledge is a food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain,
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.
—Milton, *Paradise Lost*

▪

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.
—Benjamin Disraeli, *Sybil*



Melchizedek Priesthood

. . . responsibility

Beginning in January 1958 a special assignment was given to every holder of the Melchizedek Priesthood to do some specific things which tie in to the great youth programs of the Church.

Quorum officers were asked to counsel and guide the members of their quorums in these special items so that all brethren would understand the program and be in a position to get the best results.

In this connection, at all stake priesthood leadership meetings held in conjunction with quarterly conferences during the first quarter of 1958, the youth programs of the Church are being reviewed, and suggestions are being made as to how the whole Church can unite to guide and save the rising generation. At these leadership sessions the aim has been to train leaders who can inspire a new generation to live up to gospel ideals.

Now, let us remind ourselves of three things: (1) the goal toward which we are working where our youth are concerned; (2) those programs which the Church has to aid in this work; and (3) the specific things the brethren of the Melchizedek Priesthood, acting as individuals and quorums, can do to help achieve these goals.

What is our goal where the youth of Zion are concerned? Certainly it is to lead them along the straight and narrow path to eternal life in the kingdom of God. This means that the great aim is to prepare them for an eternal temple marriage and to instil in them such desires for righteousness that they will keep the covenants made in connection with that highest and holiest order of matrimony. No member of the Church, young or old, will ever perform any single thing in this life as important as marrying the right person, in the right place, by the right authority. Eternal marriage is the gate to exaltation in the kingdom of God.

In the process of preparing our youth to enter this celestial order, many also will be trained for missionary service and for positions of leadership in the church organizations, and they will gain a fixed determination to keep the standards of the Church.

As part of this preparatory schooling, young men have the Aaronic Priesthood conferred upon them; they are ordained successively as deacons, teachers, and priests; they learn the duties of their callings and gain experience by service. The youth of both sexes participate in the Primary, Sunday School, Mutual Improvement Associations, and attend seminary and institute classes. They are given a private, personal, and confidential interview by their bishop at least once each year; and they are counseled in matters pertaining to morality, tithepaying, Sabbath observance, keeping the Word of Wisdom, missionary preparation, and the like. These programs work effectively, and marvelous beyond belief is the good that is being accomplished through their united and unified efforts.

But what is it that Melchizedek Priesthood holders



for the youth

have been asked to do to aid and support these youth programs and to lead the rising generation to celestial marriage and eternal life?

Obviously, every man who has been matured and seasoned in the Church to the point of receiving the higher priesthood will seek opportunities to support and give guidance to the young people's organizations. Many brethren are asked to serve as advisers in the Aaronic Priesthood quorums, as general secretaries, on troop committees, and as teachers in the auxiliary organizations.

Certainly every parent will see to it that his children get the full benefit of the programs the Church offers to the youth. Faithful fathers will take their sons to priesthood meeting; and their sons and daughters to Sunday School and Sacrament meeting. They will see that they go to Primary and Mutual, that they get the benefit of the scouting program, and that they are properly enrolled in the seminary and institute classes available to them.

The values and benefits of youth participation in the programs of the Church will be a matter of thoughtful consideration when the family studies and plays together on home evening. Conversation will be directed along these same lines at the dinner and breakfast tables, on family outings, and whenever a wise parent sees a proper opportunity.

When Moses neared the end of his mortal ministry with ancient Israel, he reviewed before them "the commandments, the statutes, and the judgments," which the Lord had revealed for their blessing and ultimate salvation. Then he gave this marvelous direction:

"Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord:

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

"*And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart*:

"*And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.*

"And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

"And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates." (Deut. 6:1, 4-9. Italics added.)

What better counsel could the elders of Israel receive than this where the teaching of the principles of righteousness to their children is concerned?

If the brethren of the Melchizedek Priesthood would set an example of right living, if they would teach their children the truths of the gospel, if they would encourage their children to participate in all the programs and organizations of the Church, then nearly every young person in the Church would be prepared for temple marriage and all the blessings that flow from it.

The Presiding Bishopric's Page



"BE WITH AND STRENGTHEN"

Of all duties outlined by the Lord for ward teachers, no responsibility is more challenging than the charge to "be with and strengthen" the members. To "be with" suggests more than casual acquaintance. In the case of those who are indifferent to the gospel, it means contact at frequent intervals. In order to understand the problems of those who are not close to the Church, it is necessary for ward teachers to know what their chief interests are, their aims, their ambitions, and their ideals. These essentials are not learned during brief visits of fifteen or twenty minutes once each month, but through an association of such frequency that all come to understand each other thoroughly and enjoy a companionable friendship.

To strengthen the members is to establish them more firmly in the Church; to gain their confidence and win their affection; to implant in their hearts faith; to help them gain assurance of the divinity of God's work; and to have them look forward with eager anticipation to your coming. Ward teachers begin to achieve this high objective when they have constant concern for the well-being of those who need them. How do you feel about those who are solicitous of your welfare, who stand by you in disappointment, who share your sorrows, and who rejoice with you when you succeed?

It is no small task to lead back into activity those who have lost their way. When ward teachers think and pray about how to reactivate those whom they teach, the spirit of their office and calling is resting upon them. The muscles of the body are strengthened through exercise and use. Likewise, members who are weak in the faith are strengthened through participation in Church activities.

To inspire someone to finer endeavor is a real accomplishment. When those you teach are possessed of the spirit of wanting to do what the Lord wants them to do, rather than satisfying their own desires, the spirit of repentance is at work. Those shackled by habits difficult to overcome are in many instances unable to liberate themselves in their fight against the forces of evil without your help. When those who have been weak elevate their aims and their ideals and live better by doing better, it is evident you have strengthened them.

SENIOR MEMBERS

VOICE CONTROLS ANGER RESPONSES

"A soft answer turneth away wrath." (Proverbs 15:1.)

These wise words from the pen of Solomon, whom God blessed with wisdom, are a key to social unity and understanding. This technique is that of a peacemaker. It paves the way for friendly discussions that otherwise may never reach fruition. It should be a stock in trade for group advisers to senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood. It should be used whenever occasion demands.

The voice is somewhat a governor to control the emotions, not only of the one addressed, but of the individual who speaks as well. It is evidenced by observation that one who is angry naturally speaks with a loud voice, and that one who speaks softly will not become angry.

Research tests objectively made over telephone and intercommunication systems indicate that degrees of loudness of answers to given questions were in exact proportion to the loudness or softness of the voice of the interrogator. A loud voice in the tests invariably brought a loud response; the soft-spoken word was just as sure to initiate a soft response.

The group adviser who can control his own emotions by the control of his own voice can control the emotion and voice responses of those to whom he speaks.

STUDY GUIDE FOR WARD TEACHERS
APRIL 1958

Your Membership Record

Every Latter-day Saint should understand the worth of his membership record. This document contains proof of membership in this great Church. This record plus personal worthiness faithfully demonstrated before the bishop of the ward are necessary before we can enjoy the privileges of full fellowship in the Church. This important record should be on file in the ward record of members, in the ward of our residence. Without it we cannot obtain a recommend for ordinance work or marriage in the temple; a recommend for a patriarchal blessing; receive appointment to serve as a stake or ward officer; or receive authorization to ordain anyone to the priesthood, perform baptisms and confirmations, or bless babies.

The membership record is of divine origin. In the early days of the Church, when members began moving from one place to another, local Church leaders had no way of knowing the standing and worthiness of those claiming membership in the Church who were strangers to them. The need of some official credential was increased when members began moving to Missouri where they hoped to obtain an inheritance in Zion. To avoid confusion and deception the Lord revealed the method of establishing proper identification of members as follows:

"A certificate from the judge or bishop in this part of the vineyard, unto the bishop in Zion, rendereth every man acceptable, and answereth all things, for an inheritance, and to be received as a wise steward and as a faithful laborer;

"Otherwise he shall not be accepted of the bishop of Zion.

"And now, verily I say unto you, let every elder who shall give an account unto the bishop of the church in this part of the vineyard be recommended by the church or churches, in which he labors, that he may render himself and his accounts approved in all things." (D & C 72:17-19.)

It became the policy of the Church for every member to carry his certificate. Through the years changes and improvements were made until the present system of filing was adopted. This document is not only a means of identification, but it also includes a record of birth, blessing, baptism, confirmation, ordinations to the priesthood, names of parents, name of spouse, date of marriage, and names of children.

A duplicate copy of each membership record is kept in a master file in the membership department of the Presiding Bishopric's office. This file includes the record of members of this Church residing anywhere in the world.

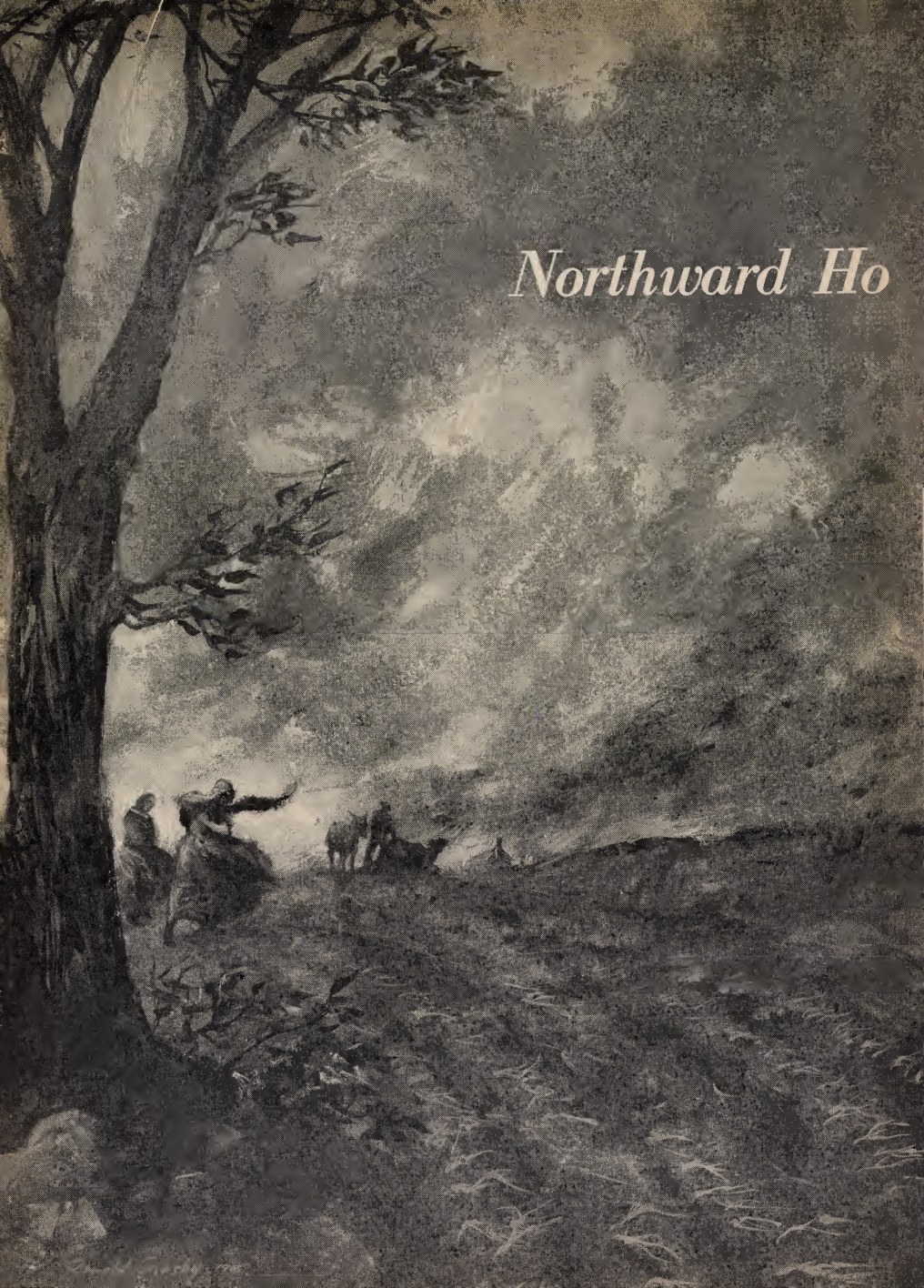
The head of each family should seek an appointment with the ward clerk to inspect his membership record, and those of his family, to make sure the genealogy is complete in every detail. When moving from one ward to another, he should make known to ward teachers his new address and the name of the ward if it is known. Upon arrival in the new ward, he should promptly get in touch with the ward clerk, requesting his membership and those of his family to be transferred.

Since we are to be judged out of the books, there is reason to believe one of those books will contain our membership record. It will be to our advantage if it is complete and accurate in every detail.



MONTPELIER THIRD WARD

Ward teachers of the Montpelier Third Ward, Montpelier Stake, recently completed the eighth consecutive year of leading their stake in ward teaching. During this period, an average of ninety-eight percent of the families were visited each month. This represents a near perfect record of visits to available families each month. During this period every ward teaching district was reported each month at report meeting. The Presiding Bishopric express appreciation to these ward teachers as well as their leaders for this outstanding achievement.


Northward Ho

the Prairies

by Helen K. Orgill

From the backdrop of the Alberta prairies, with their seas of golden waving grain, comes this historical-fiction novelette. The setting is the LDS "colonies" in Canada, so rich in their own history. The author catches here a part of that pioneer spirit.

Part I

The epic story of the Mormon colonization in Canada has been overshadowed by the familiarly sung saga of the Utah pioneers. The color, the sweep of it, the heroism, the toil, and the suffering in the settling of the northern country has yet adequately to be told. Poverty, blinding blizzards of winter, dust of summer on the wide immensity of the prairies, produced a distinct type, a vigorous and able race. A deep sense of law and order was brought to them by the Mounted Police, who carried an ideal of quick and sure judgment.

The first LDS settlers came into Canada in 1887 with little real knowledge of the country. Not many had money or equipment. But led by faith, trusting in themselves and a Higher Power, they flourished. Our family, the Bradleys, set out in the springtime after the turn of the century. The middle of May found us camped near Twin Lakes.

Eagerly our ten-year-old Johnny looked around one morning and inquired, "How far up on the map are we now, Pa?"

"Just inside Canada." Father beamed as he stretched his tall, spare frame.

"If we get lost, who will find us?" asked four-year-old Harlan.

Chuckling, father explained, "We'll soon be in Cardston, Son. No chance of getting lost."

All forenoon the blizzard raged, filling the house with loam and almost smothering the cattle. . . .

Uncle Fred, who had accompanied us to drive a team, spoke thoughtfully, "No lack of pasturage, certainly."

As the glowing western sky faded, we prepared for our first night in the new land. A rabbit scurried to one side of the trail, and a gopher peeked out of his burrow, taunting the intruders. Soon there was silence except for the even breathing of the rest of the family. I lay awake. There were so many things on my mind. I thought of Mother and the shadow that had crossed her face when we made camp. I hoped it was only weariness. I kept remembering the little elderly woman who from her dooryard in Montana watched our passing caravan and in scarcely audible words said, "God help them." Well, I wouldn't be here long. Like Uncle Fred I had come to aid my parents in getting settled. Then back to my school in Cottonwood I would go.

As I watched the yellow moon climb, I thought of my grandparents, part of a band of pioneers crossing the plains and weathering the hardships in early Utah. Now destiny was shaping its productive forces in the second generation, with Uncle Will farming in the Cardston district and Father finally yielding himself to a similar design.

We were welcomed in true pioneer fashion in the town of Cardston. Aunt Mattie proceeded at once to make a batch of cream soda biscuits that we might try out her famous serviceberry preserves.

We met revered and well-loved President Edward J. Wood and his counselors in the stake, Thomas Duce and Sterling Williams.

We had our eyes on the picturesque Lee's Creek for a building site, until Uncle Will explained, "Quite a few had the same idea, but the flood several years ago settled that question."

Our attention narrowed to a farm on the east bank of the St. Mary's River, the waters of which had been recently turned into a new canal. Scuffing up the soil, Uncle Fred observed, "Dark loam with a fair share of sand and a trace of clay."

"Yes," Uncle Will added, "and from six to eighteen inches deep it's laid, with heavy strata of clay—ideal for farming and stock raising."

Father looked over the land and seemed to drink

WAKE OF THE WIND

by Marian Schroder Crothers

When the great March winds come roaring down,
Sweeping along the streets of the town,
Lifting, with prying fingers, the leaves
That still are heaped under barren trees,
March's vibrant melody is a call
To the sleeping jonquils by the wall,
Who lift gold cups to a cloud-starred sky,
In wake of the wild wind, passing by.

into his soul what he saw. Mother was lighted up by his eyes, with the glowing warmth of a wife deeply in love with her husband. As for me, I felt an emptiness in my breast, a longing, pulling homesickness for Utah. I looked at Mother—tall and slender, deep blue eyes, dark hair curled softly about her face.

I left her and Pa examining the house and strolled along the nearby river. The bronze of last year's leaves glistened beneath the cottonwood trees and flakes of mica shone on the rocks and gravel. The water flowed flush with the banks.

"The house is just a shell of pine boards," Mother explained to me when I returned. "It needs reinforcing to make it habitable. Uncle Fred is staying a few days to help your pa with it."

Soon the sparsely furnished house was home, by reason of Mother's presence.

"It looks as if you, Johnny, will have to start ploughing up the stubble. Every day will count, you know," Father announced. I offered my help.

Ploughing here was a far cry from ploughing up the garden back home. The wet stubble was matted with wild rosebushes and buckbrush, which rolled up between the coulter standard, throwing the share right out of the ground. It took the two of us to back up and get started again. As the sun rose, the flies were savage, driving the frenzied horses to turn and twist their tails over the lines. In an effort to kick their tormenters, they sometimes jumped astride the traces. Ground sparrows darted up from the stubble, and ants crawled across the ploughed ground. Little granaries of wheat, gathered by the gophers and field mice, were spread broadcast. And all the time the wind, wind that blew dirt in your eyes and hair, between your teeth, tickled your throat, and roared in your ears after you went in the house.

"I'll soon be taken for one of those Indian girls from the reservation west of Cardston," I exclaimed, looking in the kitchen mirror. "And an insurance man who saw me in the barnyard said, 'Where is your dad, my boy?' My hair was tied up in a cap, and I wore a pair of Johnny's overalls."

Father finished the ploughing and after the dragging operation seeded eighty acres. Then one day, Uncle Will came with four horses and the big breaking plough. There was something epic about the breaking season. It was sad to see the colorful wild flowers go under and fascinating to watch the grass slowly veering away from the ploughshares. Johnny, Harlan, and I raked and burned the brush as gophers scolded from the swells. And with the silent welding of sunset and the majesty of evening, we stood gazing at what had been accomplished. Content, Father scooped up a handful of soil, saying,

"Dark living gold, and as Uncle Jesse Knight says, 'food for the hungry, work for the idle, and peaceful sleep at night.'"

Love kindled depths in Mother's eyes, making her face beautiful as she answered, "So right you are, James."

"One hundred sixty acres, a fee of only ten dollars, and it's mine, with reasonable cultivation and living upon it, and then later a pre-emption."

"Yes, Canada favors the honest homesteader," said Uncle Will. "A man can make an entry the day he enters the Dominion, but before receiving the full benefit of the homestead law, he's required to take the oath of allegiance to the government. It takes only three years to become a citizen. Think of what a bonanza that is to our boys, James! What an opportunity!"

The rocky places had been circled by a big plough. Going out in mid-morning to take refreshment to Father the day he started picking rock, I noticed a young man with him.

"Diane, this is Ben Amussen. His homestead joins ours on the south. He's helping me with the stony ground."

Pushing back his hat and showing a mat of blond hair, the young man smiled and nodded, "Pleased to meet you, Miss Diane."

After returning the introduction, I said, "A hard job you've set out to help Dad with."

"Wind and storm and a field full of stones strength-

en the muscles and harden the bones," he exclaimed as the powerful flanks of his team sloped downward with a quiver of muscles, buckling fore and hind hoofs. Then came the upward strain, when the boulders and bubbles of earth flew aside. After the short sucking sound came the faintly sweet smell of the earth that embedded it. At sunset, little seemed done, though the rock pile had grown.

Sunday was ward conference. We needed spiritual refreshment and President Wood with his faithful officers were there to give it to us. Brother Benedickt Amussen was sustained as musical director, and I was asked to be organist.

"We are glad you are here," President Wood spoke to me from the stand.

"I'll be glad to help while I am here," I answered.

Afterwards he sought me out. "This is really wonderful," he began. "The ward needs a good organist. You can do so much for the young people, too."

"But President Wood, I won't be here long. I have my school in Utah to go back to."

"How fine that you are a teacher. We have few, very few Latter-day Saints who are qualified to teach here. But the visiting government inspector can give you a permit."

I tried to speak, but he went on, "Your father received a call from President Joseph F. Smith to settle here in Canada. To make it official I'll see that you receive one, also. It'll be a mission, you know."

"President Wood, I cannot accept the call. My fiancé is a young man back home."

"Have him come up here."

It seemed useless to explain to this urgent, insistent man, this great leader, that Stanley, to whom I was unofficially engaged, was a student in Salt Lake City. But all during the solemnity of that Sabbath, President Wood's words kept ringing in my ears. Under him, the Saints seemed ready for anything life had to offer. I wished that Stan were coming for me sooner, that his visit weren't so many weeks away.

Days of heat followed in this exuberant month of June. The grain grew before our eyes, and there was an intoxication about the air, a superabundant glow and throb in nature. I helped put up wild hay in the corner of the homestead land. I was becoming hopelessly sunburned, my hands were calloused and my hair lay flat and lusterless with dust. Working from sunup until eight or nine at night gave me little time to think of my appearance.

"How do you feel about this calling a person to go to far places to settle?" I inquired of Father during a breathing spell in the hayfield.

"Daughter," he began thoughtfully, "Brigham Young gave these calls for setting up missions, but the people knew it was God speaking through him. It's the same today. Our prophet, Joseph F. Smith, speaks with the power of the Lord. We are blessed if we are obedient."

The early sown wheat was showing a tinge of green over the brown earth, when a wind came up from the southwest with tremendous fury. It caught up the soil from the fields, forming a cloud hundreds of feet high, darkening the sky, and turning noon into dusk. All forenoon the blizzard raged, filling the house with loam and almost smothering the cattle that were outside. The exposed roots of the tender grain withered and died. Father fell into a despairing mood. The fact that our field had been carefully pulverized made our loss the greater.

"Look at the Jensen's land," he said, "It's not so bad. He didn't work his like we did." Forty acres had to be reseeded.

We all attended the dance in the little frame meetinghouse Friday evening. Returning to my seat after a quadrille with Ben, Mother said, "He's fair like a viking, and as handsome. Eyes blue as the ocean in sunlight, and how he does dance!"

"Mother, you're as dreamy-eyed as some of those young girls."

"Well, anyway, if I were young again—." I looked away from her searching gaze. Father came over and announced, "We'll be going, Diane. Ben will accompany you home."

"And who made these arrangements?"

"Well, I just mentioned to him that we were leaving early and that probably you would like to remain until the dance is over."

"And of course he offered to take me home? Oh well, I'll stay."

The fiddle and small reed organ seemed primitive music to dance to, but after weeks spent on the farm, it was pleasurable. Afterwards, seated beside me in the comfortable low swung buggy, Ben flicked a rein across the tails of the deep-chested grays, and we were off for home. He explained, "I traveled cross-country coming, but the road is easier riding."

"And quite a bit longer."

"Yes, if you don't mind."

"Not at all." We both smiled.

In and out of grassy wagon ruts, passing the battlements of cottonwoods along the river road, we headed toward the darkening scroll of hills. I was grateful for Ben's quiet manner as we rode on. I felt an exhilaration sweeping over me that I had never before experienced. This great wild country was like a somnolent empire—Alberta, hardly as yet having an identity, hardly born. Vast glades, prairies unfenced, a grim uncharted wilderness, pasture for countless cattle, and grain fields. (*Continued on page* 180)



Teaching, the finest of the fine arts

by A. Ted Tuttle
Supervisor of Seminaries and Institutes

Conducted by The Unified Church School System

Honest, intelligent, creative teaching is the finest of fine arts. Teaching the gospel of Jesus Christ is supreme in the art of teaching.

A stimulating legend which comes to us from Greek mythology is the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. Pygmalion, a sculptor of Cypress, was a master of his art. Creator of many beautiful pieces, he one day set his hand to sculpture his one great masterpiece. He would create a magnificent statue of a woman. He would seek to capture in marble the beauty of form, feature, and expression of a goddess. Pygmalion worked unceasingly, wielding hammer and chisel with deft and sharp incision. As the useless fragments and chips of marble collected on the floor, a beautiful form emerged. So appealing was she, so great was the effort and devotion, love, and skill that Pygmalion had lavished upon his work that the gods decreed she should have life. Pygmalion named this exquisite creation Galatea. They each one loved the other, and so they were married. Artistic skill, love, and devotion had brought his work to life.

Though the story of Pygmalion and Galatea is only a myth, it bespeaks a provoking lesson for teachers. A teacher may exceed mere mechanics and become an artist. A mechanic knows his trade and applies his tools skilfully. More than mechanics, art is creation. The artist catches the vision and importance of his work. He envisions more than just what is; he sees what can be. He stamps his imprint upon all he touches; it forever bears his influence.

If one is to achieve excellence in teaching, as in any other fine art, basic principles must be applied. As the sculptor must know his stone, so the teacher must know his students. As the sculptor must have specific tools, so the teacher must master pedagogy. As the sculptor must "see" in the stone the complete work of art, so the teacher must envision in the student the potential and the purpose of his teaching. Beyond these qualities the true artist feels a spirit of devotion and dedication seldom if ever felt by the mechanic.

Silent inert stone has a life quality to the sculptor. Each piece of stone has different possibilities and capabilities. The Madonna would be carved in Carrara marble, while the Equestrian, Napoleon astride

a sturdy charger, would be carved in granite. The artist adjusts his design to fit the possibility of the material. Though mute, a stone tells the master sculptor what it ought to be.

The great Michelangelo once passed a building under construction and noticed a discarded stone. He inquired as to its value. "It is useless," he was told, "for it has been marred in the quarrying process." "Not so," said Michelangelo, "I see an angel imprisoned there, and I must free it." This vision, brought to life by genius, became the immortal statue of David.

The teacher with genius sees in the unpolished student greatness in embryo. His students come, each one different in personality and capabilities, themselves unaware of their own potential; unaware, too, of their divine parentage as sons and daughters of heavenly parents.

Long ago, Confucius challenged all teachers with this thought:

"I will not be afflicted at men's not knowing me;

"I will be afflicted that I do not know men."

One has to know students in order to teach them. The artist studies his students incessantly. He knows not only their names; he knows also their home conditions, their parents, brothers and sisters, their goals, fears, and friends. He knows who are the leaders and the followers. He knows their nicknames and why they have them. Thus, knowing them, he perceives a depth of meaning to their questions. His careful study and astute observation of human nature teaches him *why* students think and act as they do. Equally as important, he accepts them as they are and where they are. His creation with them begins at that point.

The artist remembers that others, too, are influencing the student's life. Physical, social, psychological, and intellectual factors all force constant impressions upon the youth. The wise teacher, therefore, keeps a written record of his students because, unlike the constant medium of the sculptor, students are continually changing, thus magnifying the complexity of the teacher's art.

When the teacher touches the life of the student, sensibilities awaken to the eternal values in life. Useless habits fall away like fragments of marble to the floor as a more Christlike life appears. Lives begin to take form in a pattern of thought and action in harmony with God's design for eternal life.

To the sculptor tools become extensions of his fingers. By constant training and experience the tools respond more and more accurately to the work demanded of them. Some seem to respond better than others; they cut clearly; they fit and balance in the grasp. They become reliable and trusted friends, but never masters. Although the sculptor is dependent upon his tools, he does not use the same ones for all of his processes even if they are good tools. He uses the iron-headed hammer and the pitching tool for roughing out; toothed chisels and smaller tools for finish work. Prominent among his tools are a piece of wet, soft stone for rubbing tools whenever they get dull, a file, and a grindstone.

So with the teacher's pedagogy. Different techniques have to be mastered. Selecting the method to fit the situation, the master artist strives for simplicity in teaching. All the techniques of teaching, the various audio and visual aids, object lessons, flannelboard displays, lectures, reports, and tests, all these are but means to an end—to touch the human heart.

Continual use of tools dulls the cutting edge. Effective teaching demands constant preparation, development of new techniques, practice, and experimentation. As any artist, the teacher should become his own severest critic and continually evaluate the processes of his teaching to make certain the tools of his profession are sharp, precise, and appropriate.

"He only moves toward the perfection of his art whose criticism surpasses his achievement." Leonardo da Vinci.

A student, unlike marble, is pliable. He responds more positively to impressions than to incisions. Teaching is a molding—a growing into. This often necessitates a "warming up" process before the molding can occur. The artist senses what method to use on each occasion. He understands the need for the complimentary and encouraging word and knows the value of gentle reproof. (*Continued on page* 204)

A Navajo in our Home

by L. Dean Lee, Bishop, Salem Ward, Spanish Fork Stake

Last fall, while our children of school age were busily preparing for the opening of school, another school girl faraway in Arizona was anticipating attending the same school with our children here in Salem, Utah. Her anticipation, however, was under vastly different circumstances.

Fifteen year-old Florence Boyd is one of nine children of a Navajo family living near the Copper Mine Trading Post in Cameron, Arizona, in the heart of the vast, arid Navajo Reservation. Florence's manner and appearance during last summer, did little to indicate that she had attended the school of the white man in Utah for three school years. Her purple velvet skirt, bright blouse, her Navajo language, and her native mannerisms were strictly in accord with Navajo tribal customs.

In the Boyd home, the father does not speak English, even though the mother and children do. Nevertheless, in complete obedience to the father's desires, nothing but the native tongue is used in the household.

The Boyd family lives in a small frame home, much better than a primitive skin-and-pole shelter. However, compared to the living standards of the white man, their home is extremely crowded and inconvenient. The family purse and diet are synonymous in one respect—both are limited. The variety of food is as unchangeable as the tribal customs. Fresh milk and citrus fruits particularly are seldom-enjoyed luxuries.

A transformation in Florence as startling as the eruption of a cocoon into a butterfly developed, however, as the time neared for the beginning of school. Under the direction of the leaders of the Indian Student Placement Program, Relief Society Social Service and Child Welfare Department, Florence, along with several hundred other school children on the Navajo Reservation, including two of her sisters and one of her brothers, was a candidate for another year of academic training in the Utah schools. In order to meet the necessary qualifications, Florence had to show satisfactory progress in her previous schooling, pass a rigid physical examination, and she had to meet several other strict requirements. Since she had satisfactorily passed these barriers, she came to live with our family for another school year.

As she crossed our front doorstep, she shed her tribal customs and donned the customs of our household. Although she is a quiet girl and does not divulge her thinking readily, it is apparent that her adjustment from tribal life to our life is anticipated with much happiness. When the time comes at the end of the school year for her to rejoin her family, we perceive that if the choice were hers to make she would hesitate to go. She loves her family, but she fears that she will not speak the Navajo language sufficiently well to please her father. She knows that her baby brother will not remember her. She knows too well she must leave many conveniences and privacies behind. Nevertheless, we know that she will uncomplainingly accept her lot, keeping her fears, her hopes, her unfulfilled desires to herself. This amazing, stalwart quality of character is but one of the many bouquets which she has strewn about our household.

Florence has been exceptionally clean in her personal habits, keeping her black hair in beautiful arrangement for every day of school and Sundays. She has assumed her share of the household duties efficiently and well. In respect to household chores, however, she is not willing to take too much initiative and is likely to balk if she happens to be working while our girls are not. Accordingly, we try to arrange working schedules alike for all members of the family. After all, are Navajo teen-agers so different from our own teen-agers in that respect?

This experience has undoubtedly contributed greatly to the cultural life of Florence Boyd, but she has also contributed much to our household. In this particular case we have found that those who share also receive.



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Northward Ho the Prairies

(*Continued*) Hard as I tried to forget them, President Wood's words sang in my mind to the rhythm of the horses' hoofs and the swing of the buggy. "This is a mission, Diane. This is a mission."

"Ben," I spoke to interrupt my thoughts. "Do you like it here?"

"Why, yes. Anyone, I think, would want to make a home on these prairies."

A rabbit scurried to the side of the road ahead, and out of Milk River Ridge a coyote sang its lonely dirge to the moon to the accompaniment of the wind.

The day of the excursion train's arrival had come at last. So much had happened since I last saw Stanley. "Goodness, Mother, of all times for us to have a visitor!" I said as I slipped into a white blouse, soft gray tweed skirt, and sandals.

"We know Stan well, my child. He'll understand that we are just getting a foothold in this new country."

I drove the democrat buggy to the depot in Cardston. The platform was crowded with relatives and friends in happy anticipation of reunion with passengers. Leaning against the wall of the dark red station, I watched the train rushing forward, light flashing from polished spots on the rails, the high plume of white steam rising to the sky as it whistled to warn us. Then with a smash of sound, the engine and cars stopped amid the smell of steel and smoke, and out stepped Stanley.

The sun was setting as we approached the farm, and although a colorful sky overarched us, the little house seemed a million miles from Utah. Damage by the terrific wind was everywhere evident, with scarcely any green showing. The flowers which Mother had planted and faithfully watered had withered, while the newly planted windbreak of maple, poplar, and ash struggled to live. This certainly was an inopportune time to entertain, but Mother's smiles made up for much as she greeted Stan. Graciously he accepted the narrow, hot little bedroom, and his interest in the pioneering of the country dominated any show of pity or distaste for the primitive conditions.

Two horses were saddled next morning, and Stan and I set out to view the countryside. Mother put up a lunch, and we sat on a shady river bank to eat it. The brilliant, fiery tiger lilies had burned out to pallid tapers, while across the river wild roses were whitening in the sun, their petals falling dry and pale among tangled weeds and shaggy goldenrod.

"Land, rich prairie land, and men and women who are learning what to do with it." Stan arose, looking first in one direction and then another. I noticed his fashionably cut brown sport tweeds, a perfect fit, as was his tan linen shirt. His keen brown eyes were somber when for a moment his gaze met mine. As I glanced toward the river, he spoke again, "The St. Mary's River, sculpturing its patient course out of glacial drift and boulder clay."

With the cry of a catbird in the bushes, it seemed that we were in a strange and unreal world, each of us intent on his own thoughts. Stan brought us back by saying, "You've changed, Diane."

"I know. At my first dance here, I laughed and chatted a lot, as we always did back home. I saw the girls eyeing me strangely. I suppose now I've become like them, the prairie type."

"In such a short time?"

"It's true, though. Maybe you don't understand what I mean by this 'type.' It isn't unhappiness that makes these people seem different, more subdued in their manner. How can I put it into words? It's the texture, the feel of the country, the stuff of everyday; the ocean-like waving of grass and grain in summer; the white sweep of the prairies in winter; the banks of flowers springing up a few feet from receding snow in spring; grain cars toiling across the plains in the fall. That, and oh, so much more!"

"You talk as if you have been here years instead of a month or two."

"I've talked to those who have been here for a long time."

A cool breeze moved in, and the trees whispered around us.

"Diane, I wonder how many settlers here know that a government surveyor turned in a report that this country, on the whole, was not good for anything but buffaloes and Indians."

"They know, Stan, and they know that Jim Bridger offered one thousand dollars for the first ear of corn raised in the Great Basin. People made of the right stuff welcome the opportunities of this country. They even enjoy the loneliness."

I was sure, after what happened the next day, that Stan would feel he had ample proof of the country's undesirability. After a hot spell, with a sudden darkening of the sky, a wind whirled out of nowhere to blow across the barnyard, sending the chickens scuttling to the coop, while the pigs gave out frightened squeals. Men were seen running from the fields, watching the storm as it came steel-like against a yellowish sky. First there were drops of rain; then, like a scattering of salt, the hailstones fell. They seemed to be getting bigger, pounding like drumbeats on the roof. The air was chilly, as though coming from the Rockies. Afterwards the people drove out to see what the damage was. The grain looked as if it had been chewed up, an ugly sight, with hailstones covering the ground. After inspecting our crops, it was Mother who broke the silence of our despair.

"There's another year coming. Of course, it's going to be bad, but we are made to stand things."

Her companion stood looking down at her, his dark hair springing from his forehead, his face etched with sun, wind, and dust. His heavy eyebrows were contracted. Just reaching his shoulder, Mother had to tilt her head to look up at him. He held her close.

The next day, after a more complete check of our fields, he came into the house.

"It isn't as bad as it looked yesterday."

After reporting on the damage to the crops, Father and Stan rode out again to talk to farmers, who gathered like survivors after a wreck. I stood outside viewing the clouds, dark purple and white, which sailed like ships across the sky, occasionally dropping brief showers. I studied the land, musing upon its distinctive qualities. I wished the children could feel more fully their part in the epic march of the Church members northward, without too soon experiencing the severe lessons of life. I wondered why the sternness of their young existences had not come forcibly to my mind before.

My months on the farm had swept me into philosophic doubts. My re-



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ligious convictions were strong, but my personal plans were confused and wavering. There is much of oneself woven in the past, the present, and something out of time all together. Many others were thinking within me, my grandparents, who crossed the plains and helped build up early Utah, and now Father and Mother, with these Saints in Canada, were called to endure similar tribulations. I felt envious of them, left out. In life, there comes a time when one must stand for what she wants most of all or give it up forever. That day had come for me. I desired to be a pioneer schoolteacher more than I had ever wanted anything before.

After a late dinner, I said, "Let's drive for a spell, Stan." Getting into the small buggy, I touched Molly with the whip. For awhile Stan and I didn't talk. Then words seemed to spill from us. We spoke of the past, of our families, and the future. Stan told of his last visit with my grandfather before leaving Utah, dear old Grandad who still stood at our head as patriarchal leader. His sons, though married, followed his counsel. I remember the blue eyes in that old face, amazingly like a boy's, and the broad shoulders, slightly bent, the face framed in thick gray hair.

"He loves you, Diane; so much, he told me, that he wants you to remain in Canada. Does that seem contradictory?"

"No. For as long as I can remember, Grandfather has wanted all his grandchildren to make homes here. He never tired of telling of his two visits with Uncle Will. He used to tell me that the young men were different in this country, especially the young farmers. He said his wish for me was that I marry one."

"This in spite of the fact that I was a favorite of his. I understand, though. But, honey, what about this terrible climate, these primitive conditions? Your best friend wouldn't wish that on you, knowingly. Even your grandfather, if he were here now, would change his views. He wouldn't want you to suffer."

"Stan, you look at a place differently when you are going to live in it."

The light seemed to fade from his eyes and the smile from his lips as he answered, "All I want is a normal, peaceful life, a career as a doctor, and a home with you."

I looked at his hands and knew how right was his decision. Certainly they were never cut out for work on a farm, and I knew that a great talent would be wasted if I persuaded him to stay.

(*To be concluded next month*)

To Prepare the Way

(*Continued*) with their lives but lost practically all their personal effects and the ship's supplies. The island supplied animals, fish, fruits, and vegetables for food, and a mild climate afforded fairly comfortable living conditions.

"The shipwrecked company, now reduced to a common level socially and economically, remained on Bermuda Island for nearly ten months. In the meantime the ship's carpenters, and all other able-bodied persons who could help, constructed two crude vessels, partly from material salvaged from the *Sea Venture's* wreck and partly from cedar timbers which they felled on the Island of Bermuda. One of them was designated *The Patience* and the other *The Deliverance.* In these, all embarked on May 10, 1610, and arrived at Jamestown on May 24, 1610."

So many inspiring, faith-promoting experiences have taken place in the twenty-one months of our research that it would take a book to contain them all. One experience of the many that have happened to us will be given here.

Being impatient to extend our lines farther and not being able to get the information we needed at our own library, it was decided that we would go to the places where my ancestors came from. Equipping ourselves with a microfilm camera, and another special camera, and a tape recorder, we set out.

Right from the beginning and all through the trip to the last day, we were divinely directed to be in a certain place at a certain time to meet the people who would give us the records we were searching for.

One of our scheduled stops was at Lancaster, Missouri. From some old letters that had been written by James Dudley Welborn to his daughter Nancy Garret Welborn Hunt (the first wife of Amos Hunt), we knew that there was a strong possibility that we would find the grave of this man nearby, as he mentioned in these letters that he was too old to come to Utah to visit his children. Our researcher had already approached the county clerk to see whether we could get the information we wanted from him by correspondence. He was informed that there were no records, but to show that training and experience pays, he found records there that were much needed. Here as in many places we felt as though we were guided by Him who knows all things.

The next day was the annual celebration of "Old Settlers' Day" held at Lancaster. Early that morning we went into the old cemetery nearby hoping to find the graves of James D. Welborn and family. The cemetery was much in need of a caretaker, as the grass in places was over our heads. Many markers were lying on the ground, so we had quite an experience in searching this cemetery.

We were disappointed not to find the grave we were looking for, but since it was "Old Settlers' Day" we were determined to find out by personal contact all we could. While the researcher was checking the records at the courthouse, I mingled among the crowds asking questions. Little by little and after many helps by interested people, it became apparent that right there at Lancaster were several descendants of Welborn women.

This information made good sense as James D. Welborn, by a second wife, Zilpha Newman, had a family of ten daughters, but to our knowledge no sons. I was finally taken to an old gentleman by the name of Jim Hird, a descendant of one of these Welborn girls. I was informed by him that the "Old Liberty" cemetery lay several miles away and that he thought a Welborn was buried there. He also informed me that



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his sister, Mary Mirrell, who lived at Ottumwa, Iowa, forty-three miles away, had the old family Bible.

We were wondering how we would be able to find this old cemetery, as it was out in the country about eight miles; but just as we started to leave, Sam Mirrell, one of the people we had talked to the night before, stopped us to give us some information he had learned from his mother. When we told him where we were headed, he said, "Follow me." By coincidence he was going out that way. With this kind assistance we were not long in getting to this cemetery and, to our joy, we found the final resting places of James D. Welborn and several of his descendants. This made us very happy, since it gave us valuable information we were lacking.

To add to our joy when we visited Mary Mirrell we found recorded in the family Bible the information on all the daughters of J. D. Welborn and Zilpha Newman, their births, marriages, and to whom, and even the deaths of some. We also found among Mary Mirrell's gleanings a report of Zilpha N. Welborn celebrating her eighty-fifth birthday at Winfield, Kansas. She died (according to an obituary notice also in Mary's possession) at age 86 years 5 months 7 days. This report gave her birth date, marriage, and death dates, and addresses of five of her daughters who were still living at her death.

We met so many solid, fine relatives on our trip, that I would like to share with you an excerpt from a letter of James D. Welborn to his daughter, Nancy C. W. Hunt, first wife of Amos Hunt. As stated earlier, through these letters that had been carefully preserved and that came to us through the descendants of Angeline Hunt Colman, youngest daughter of Amos and Nancy, we were able to locate the grave of James D. Welborn and get much valuable information regarding his life and that of his family.

"Lancaster, Schuyler Co., Mo. 1864

"—let us all so live that none of us will be separated in that blessed land where all is joy and peace where we shall no more take the parting hand O joyous hope O blessed thought how it cheers my poor heart to think of meeting you on canons happy shore How the Kindred zeal burns in my bosom for you You whom I have so often dandled on the knees of parental affection. May I not hope that I shall again see some or all of you again in the *flesh.* How glad would we all be to converse with you but now we can only converse on this silent paper by which our thoughts are faintly expressed. . . ."

One cannot help knowing that this man was a devout, honest Christian soul, living the gospel to the best of his knowledge. This is just one of the thousands of our forebears who were of the chosen seed of Israel. It will be a joyous occasion when we can meet them in person as he suggested and believed, and as we know will most assuredly take place, if we do our part.

I have had the great privilege of being an instrument in the hands of the Lord in bringing into the Church several honest souls, and I have rejoiced greatly with them in their new life, but my joy has been more full in being a Savior on Mount Zion to many of my own ancestors. My spirit has communed with their spirits with sweetness and harmony that it is impossible for mortal tongue to tell or express in feeble words. If one wants to experience that joy that passeth all understanding, then let him search out his ancestors, go into our heavenly Father's house, and give to them all the saving ordinances of the gospel from baptism to the crowning blessings of the sealing of husbands to wives and of children to parents, not just until death separates them but for time and all eternity.

■

Thomas E. McKay

(*Continued*)

others with them.

"'And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

"'And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

"'And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments:

"'And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?

"'He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee.' (Luke 24:1-6.)

"'Why seek ye the living among the dead?' The body of Brother McKay is here. He has taken care of it, and it has served him well, but like a cloak he has now laid it off because it has become incapacitated. It needs the healing powers of the great creative forces. Hence, it will be laid away for that purpose, but the spirit lives, Thomas E. McKay lives and will continue to live and be active there as he was here."

President David O. McKay and the following sisters, Mrs. George R. (Elizabeth) Hill, Mrs. Joel (Catherine) Ricks, Mrs. Joseph H. (Jeannette) Morrell, and Mrs. Thomas (Annie) Farr, survive in addition to his wife, children, and grandchildren. This closely knit family and the entire Church sorrow at the passing of Elder Thomas Evans McKay. Always the gentleman, always the respecter of persons, Elder McKay will be missed, but the force of his influence will be felt in the lives of those whom he has known and led to a greater understanding of the abundant life.

■

FERN-VINE AT MY WINDOW

by Maude Rubin

Its naked young tendril
Taps at my window
Curling its long neck in leafless decision.
High and higher it reaches,
Tapping with the wind.
Tapping. Tapping . . .
A soft green metronome
To measure Spring.



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"Get thee up . . . be illuminated"

(*Continued*) tion to his own soul." Such a one also tends to bring damnation to the souls of all of those for whom he has leadership responsibilities, for "as with the priest, so with the people." We may "mislead" as well as lead. When we do wrong, then Lucifer-like, we draw others away after us.

There are a great many stowaways in the Church who hide out in spiritual idleness hoping to make the journey without either working or paying their way.

Woe to him who has lost his initiative! Woe to him who develops battle fatigue! Woe to him who does nothing! The law says, "Get thee up—be illuminated." The alternative is to stay down and be eliminated. Spiritual death is banishment from the presence of God.

Someone prayed, "O mighty God, hear the voice of one forlorn, and deliver me from my sloth." But God has done more than that. He has put in our own hands the power to deliver ourselves. The secret is just to get started. Solomon said, "With all thy getting get understanding." Then someone who must have been a little wiser than Solomon, said, "With all thy getting get going." Industry is the "mustard seed" that moves mountains. Leonardo da Vinci said, "Thou, oh God, doth sell us all good things at the price of labor." Goethe said that genius is nine tenths industry.

It is probable that these five words from Isaiah may be to us the most important words in scripture, for "the great end of life is not knowledge but action." It is seldom that we cannot find the way, but only that we will not walk therein. J. Allergy wrote an epitaph for himself saying: "He lived in the world of going-to-do but died with nothing done."

Someone said that "the fellow who watches the clock doesn't need to worry about his future—he hasn't any."

Matthew Arnold said that "Religion is mortality touched by emotion." We need an emotional generator to set industry going. We need a powerized testimony of the gospel. Activity is the key to leadership. It is the foundation of spiritual accomplishment. "You can lead a running stream, but what can you do with a stagnant pool?"

Because of their importance, we ought to write these thrilling words of Isaiah across our minds, engrave them in our hearts, and then get them into our muscles, our nervous system, and our blood stream. Not only should we set our light upon the hill, but we should see to it that it burns brightly enough to do some good. "Arise and shine, for thy light is come."

Christ Is Crucified

(*Continued*) Galilean! What luck. Here was an out. He would send him to Herod, the ruler of Galilee, who was in Jerusalem at the time. He should judge him.

Herod had long wanted to see Jesus, hoping that he could get him to perform some miracle. But Jesus greeted his questions and accusations of the priests and scribes with stony silence. "The old fox," as Jesus had once referred to Herod, would get no satisfaction from him.

"And Herod with his men of war set him at nought, and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him again to Pilate."

Meanwhile Pilate had been doing some planning of his own. He was convinced that Jesus was innocent and that the Jewish leaders wanted him killed because of "envy." Now inasmuch as it was the custom for the governor to set free one prisoner each year at the Feast of the Passover as a token of goodwill by the Romans to the Jews, he would give them a choice releasing Jesus or a prisoner named Barabbas. Barabbas was a hardened criminal. He had been a robber, had led an insurrection, and had committed murder. Given a choice, the Jews would certainly want Jesus freed.

In presenting the proposition Pilate made quite an eloquent plea in Jesus's behalf saying: "Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people: and, behold, I, having examined him before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him:

"No, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him; and, lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him.

"I will therefore chastise him, and release him."

By this time the chief priests had roused the assembled multitude to such a degree that they could not be reasoned with. To an excited mob, justice, mercy, and truth mean nothing.

"Away with this man," they demanded, "and release unto us Barabbas."

Again Pilate tried to influence them, but his pleas were greeted with wild shouts, "Crucify him, crucify him."

"Why," the governor countered, "what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him: I will therefore chastise him, and let him go."

But the mob, now completely out of control, was insistent.

"Crucify him," they raved.

Mob rule won over reason, and Pilate released Barabbas. But he seemingly thought there might still be a chance to change the minds of the multitude. If they had any compassion at all in their souls, a scourging of this man would bring it to the surface. So he turned the Savior over to the Roman soldiers who took him to a public place, probably a whipping post where it is assumed that amid the cheers and jeers of the frenzied multitude he was lashed unmercifully with a whip or one of the other cruel instruments of torture for which the Romans were famous.

To add to the suffering and indignities they then dressed him in a scarlet robe, placed a crown of thorns upon his head, bowed before him and mockingly taunted him. "Hail, King of the Jews!" As if that were not enough, others spit upon him and smote him upon the head with a stick.

Now Pontius Pilate was ready to make his final try to free Jesus. Leading the Savior to a point where all could see him dressed in the robe with the crown of thorns upon his head, Pilate silenced the frenzied multitude, and trying to play upon their sympathies, he said: "Behold the man!"

One can picture, at this point, a moment's silence, perhaps a slight hesitation on the part of the peo-

ple. But it did not last for long. Spurred on by the chief priests the chant arose. "Crucify him, crucify him."

"Take ye him, and crucify him:" Pilate countered, "for I find no fault in him."

"We have a law, and by our law he ought to die," the Jews answered, "because he made himself the Son of God."

This new charge bothered Pilate, and he went again into the building where he could talk to the Savior.

"Whence art thou?" he asked. Jesus did not answer.

Pilate's patience had about reached an end. "Speakest thou not unto me?" he said. "Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?"

"Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above": the Lord said; "therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greatest sin."

Pilate was convinced, but he was not strong enough to withstand the demands of the mob. And when they said, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Caesar," he gave in. Washing his hands in front of the multitude, he said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it."

So the soldiers put the Savior's own clothes back on him and led him away. The sentence, death by crucifixion, was to be carried out immediately.

Through the streets of the Holy City the Lord walked for the last time as a mortal. The maltreatment he had received had seemingly left him too weak to bear the cross (or more likely, the crossbar from it, as was the custom) so a man by the name of Simon carried it for him. By this time all Jerusalem must have known of the proceedings, and the road was lined with onlookers. A great company of people, among them many women, followed after him, wailing and lamenting. Turning to the women Jesus told them they should not weep for him, but for themselves and their children, because of the tragedies which would come upon them.

Out of the city they trudged to a hill called Golgotha or Calvary. And there they drove nails into his hands and feet and lifted him up on the cross between two thieves, to die the slow and unspeakable torture-filled death that crucifixion brings. Such was the fate, entirely of his own choosing and consent, meted out to the Creator and Savior of the world, whose every act in life was the personification of kindness and gentleness, of love, peace, and goodwill.

On the cross in Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, by order of Pilate were inscribed the words, "The King of the Jews." The drink the soldiers offered him to help relieve his suffering was refused. It was about nine in the morning. For some six hours he hung in this pitiable condition, while life slowly ebbed away.

Below him the soldiers cast lots for his clothes; the rulers and the multitude mocked, scoffed, and reviled him. His friends and followers huddled in groups, unable to ease his suffering.

The first words Jesus spoke from the cross typified his life and his mission. Amidst all of the agony and humiliation he was enduring, his thoughts were with his persecutors. "Father," he prayed, "forgive them; for they know not what they do."

One of the thieves on the nearby cross taunted the Savior with the words, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." To this Jesus said nothing, but when the other thief rebuked the first and said to Jesus, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom," Jesus answered, "Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in paradise."



Drawing by Major Benton Fletcher, from Lionel Cust's *Jerusalem: A Historical Sketch*, published by A. & C. Black, Ltd., London.

In a little group near the cross stood the three Marys—Jesus' mother, his aunt, and Mary Magdalene. With his heart filled with compassion for the one who had given him birth and nurtured him in his youth he said of John, the disciple "whom he loved," "Woman behold thy son." Then to John he said, "Behold thy mother!" "And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

The next words the suffering Christ spoke were, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" A little later when he said, "I thirst," they put to his lips a sponge soaked in vinegar. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. Immediately afterwards he said, "It is finished," and "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." His head lowered, his body went limp. Jesus of Nazareth was dead.

So momentous was the event that the very earth responded to it with an earthquake violent enough to crack rocks and "rent in twain" the veil of the temple. In the Western Hemisphere there were great storms, tempests, earthquakes, fires, and whirlwinds, along with thick darkness that lasted for three days.

But in Jerusalem the darkness ended when the Savior died. The legs of the thieves were broken so that their death would be hastened. This was not done with Jesus as his spirit had already left his body, but to make sure of his death, one of the soldiers pierced his side with a spear.

A disciple of the Lord, Joseph of Arimathaea, asked for permission from Pilate to take the Savior's body. Loving hands detached the body from the cross, lowered it to the ground. Preparing it for burial, friends wrapped it in fine linen cloth provided by Joseph and anointed it with ointments and spices. The Marys helped, as did Nicodemus. Tenderly they laid the body in a nearby sepulchre which Joseph had prepared for his own burial.

(Next Month: *The Lord Is Resurrected!*)

Six Missing Words

(*Continued*) about her was different. She had changed. Her smile was tired and her movements quick and nervous.

"She asked me how much I charged for wedding announcements. 'Ah,' I said, 'is it going to be that handsome chap I saw you with a few weeks ago?' She said 'yes' and would I please give her the quotation, as she was in a hurry. I told her what she wanted to know, and she wrote it all down and turned to leave. She was already out the door when I called, 'Is he a member of the Church?' 'No,' she said, and asked what that had to do with the matter. 'You know what I mean,' I told her.

"She came back in then, shutting the door, and her face was a little flushed as she looked at me. 'Yes, I guess I do,' she replied, 'but I love him so much. Don't you think that counts?'

"I said, 'Love is nothing without the things that make it. Take my type cases in there, for instance. They are all full of type. But the type is useless unless someone comes and picks it up and sets a line in the stick; and the line in the stick alone doesn't mean much until it is combined with other lines to make the form, from which can be printed a beautiful poem. Then to print it, it takes ink and paper and a press. It takes many efforts. So it is with love. It is not there with the snap of a finger, and it can only last if it is picked up and put together right. And while love may be that beautiful poem, marriage is more like printing the book of life. Your marriage, to be really happy, should be performed in the temple of our Lord.'

"'Oh, stop it! Stop it!' she cried all of a sudden, and tears were streaming down her face. 'Why does everybody have to tell me what to do? My parents are against me. The girls don't treat me like they used to. You, whom I thought to be a sweet old man, give me a lecture, telling me that my marriage won't last. How can you possibly know how much I love Mike? How dare you tell me that our love isn't real?'

"I scratched my old fool's head then and shut up. After she had left, I made up my mind to pray as hard as I could for the Lord to guide

"The search for the superfluous"

Richard L. Evans

THE SPOKEN WORD

A sentence from Seneca today suggests a subject: It would be well if we could make "it clear to all men," he said, "that the search for the superfluous means a great outlay of time, and that many have gone through life [not really living, but] merely accumulating the instruments of life."[1] ". . . Life is so short"; he continued, "and we make it still shorter by our unsteadiness. . . . We break up life into little bits, and fritter it away."[2] Sometimes suddenly, if we haven't done so sooner, we come to realize that just going to be going, just talking to be talking, just spending to be spending, just rushing to be rushing, doesn't really mean much. And this is an appropriate season (as is any other) to appraise our past performance, to repent and improve, and to resolve to follow through to solid conclusions the good things we undertake to do, and cease, as Seneca suggested, "the search for the superfluous." In one of his incisive essays, Joseph Addison turned his talent to this same subject: "I could wish," he wrote, "that men while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and . . . whether it was worth coming into the world for, whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; . . . in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next."[3] Then Addison cited some excerpts taken separately from the diaries of a gentleman and a lady of some supposed consequence—entries of activities almost too trivial to mention, and then observed: "I question not, but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned . . . taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and . . . so very small improvements; . . . I would, . . . recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping of a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments, during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about . . . and . . . weigh all those indifferent actions, which though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for."[3] As we appraise our part in the events of the past, may we more fully resolve to use what follows for learning, for labor, for repentance and improvement, free from too much of trivia, too much of meaningless motions, too much, as Seneca said, of the search for the superfluous—and to balance things material with those of mind and spirit and the everlasting things of life.

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, December 29, 1957, Copyright 1957.

(See page 207 for footnotes.)

BIVOUAC

by Dorothy Marie Davis

Land holds this point against the sea's advance
And each wind-weary pine uplifts its lance . . .
Shouting its dedication to the fray.
Unmoved by fog, by phalanxed waves or spray,
The sentinels of sturdy kelp-brown boulders
Wear ragged epaulets upon their shoulders.

her steps. Funny thing, isn't it, old Sam praying for a young girl he hardly knows. But I knew that she was about to make a big mistake. I prayed—and waited for an answer.

"The answer came, although I had a hard time recognizing it at first. One night Curt, my dog, was making a big racket. I got up to figure out what might be the matter. When I looked through the window, I saw the little gal standing on the front porch. I dressed as fast as I could, all the time wondering what might be on her mind. When I let her in, she was crying hard. I didn't ask any questions, just let her cry. Finally she pulled herself together, and between occasional sobs she said, 'I know it is foolish to come to you in the middle of the night with my problems, but you are the only one I can turn to. I had a quarrel with Mike two days ago and haven't seen him since. When we parted, I told him I never wanted to see him again, but later I felt miserable. Two of my roommates went to the movies tonight, and on their way home they ran into him going down the street arm in arm with another girl.' She cried again. 'Oh, I can't stand it!'

"When I set out to tell her some things that might comfort her, she cut me off. 'No, no, I didn't come to hear another one of your lectures!' I was a little hurt but did not show it. I asked her what she wanted me to do.

" 'You are the only one who can help me,' she cried hysterically. 'You can come with me and talk to him. You can persuade him to come back to me.'

"That was about the most startling request she could have made. Me, old Sam, playing negotiator, when I had prayed so hard for them to break up? I didn't aim to do it. I talked back and forth with her, but it didn't help much. When she would not stop crying, I didn't know what else to do, so I decided to go along and see what might happen. The couple had last been seen heading for the bus terminal, so that's where we went. All the way down, I prayed that I might know what to do when we got there. When we walked through the door, there was no sign of either the fellow or the girl. We looked everywhere but didn't find them. We even had the fellow paged on the loudspeaker.



But they were gone. 'Well, that's that—and thanks, Lord, for getting me out of this one,' I thought to myself. But the little girl was really broken up.

"How I got her home I'll never know, but when I left she was still sobbing. As the lights went out over at her place, I was still sittin' on the porch, scratching Curt's back and thinking that whatever happened, the Lord was with her.

"The girl avoided me after that. She was probably ashamed of the way she had acted and for having dragged me out of bed on such an errand. I didn't see her in the ward either, and when I asked the other girls how she was, they usually shrugged their shoulders and shook their heads. One of them told me that she sat home most of the time, watching television and reading. She said that the girl had grown listless and had no ambition, just went to work and came home and sat there letting time drag on. Now and then she would go back home to see her folks but with them as well as her friends she was quarrelsome, irritable, and uninspiring.

"By that time, the matter of including her in my daily prayers had become a habit. I knew that the Lord had pulled her out of that first problem and that he certainly would not leave her in her misery.

"One day when I was running off a rush job on the platen, the bishop called me on the phone. 'Sam,' he said in an urgent voice, 'there is a sister who lives just down the street from you. She's quite ill, and her roommates called and asked me to send over the elders. I have asked young Steve Hamilton to assist you. He just got back from his mission and is waiting to go into the service next week. He's free to come anytime you can make it.'

"I told the bishop I would get over there as fast as I could. On the way I met the young missionary. We went into the apartment, and as you may have guessed found 'my' girl in bed with a high fever. She did not recognize us, but we administered to her, and when we left I knew she would be well soon.

"My doorbell rang two days later, and there she stood, right here in the front office. Her eyes were as violet as could be. I was going to tell her how surprised I was to see her here, but before I could open my mouth, she was around the counter giving me a big hug. 'Oh, Sam,' she cried, 'what a fool I have been! The Lord was with me all the time, but it took a little grief and some sickness to make me realize it. When I woke up, the girls told me that you had been there to administer to me!'

"She was very active in the Church after that. She taught Sunday School at first; then the Bee Hive girls. Then she was activity counselor and then the president of the Young Women's Mutual.

"One day, I saw her come down the street with a serviceman. It was Steve Hamilton. They both stopped and chatted with me, and she pretended not to notice when I winked at her. Then about four weeks ago, she and Steve came into my office to look at some wedding invitations. 'Would you mind repeating that lecture you once gave me, Sam?' she smiled.

" 'I don't think you need it,' I said, all proud. Needless to say, I gave them the invitations as a wedding present.

"After the temple ceremony, I was going to say some fancy words to the bride and groom, but my sinus started bothering me and besides, I had to get back to the shop. So I just wished them happiness and left."

Sam took his elbow off the counter and started to gather up the sample invitations. I looked at him as he stood there with his black hands and the smudge on his face. The glow in his eyes was strangely inspiring and rewarding.

I wrote out the copy, all except six words. As I paused, there came back to my mind the teachings of my parents, the activities in the ward, in seminary, the mission home, and the glorious day I received my endowments. I looked at the little printer, and I was thankful for his story.

The words which were to occupy the lower lefthand corner of my announcements had suddenly taken on a sacred meaning. They represented something far better than social prestige and special distinction. They were symbolic of a grand future. In spite of all the teachings I had received, the self-assured measure of maturity I felt, and my familiarity with often repeated phrases about temple marriage, I had never before as clearly visualized what it could mean: eternal life, eternal companionship, eternal love, eternal progress. I felt gratitude and humility.

While Sam stared steadily at my right hand, I wrote with swift strokes, *"Married in the Salt Lake Temple."*

A Part of our Caring

(*Continued*) give them assurance that they are loved and admired! Young people in their teens and twenties need the sobering, wise influence of the aged. They need to develop respect and reverence for those who have successfully lived, who have given them much in noble heritage, they need to become acquainted with the characteristics of age—it comes to everyone—and to develop tolerance and understanding. This relationship, so often neglected, can be a source of joy to the old and to the young.

Another value lies in the fact that the social, economic world we live in—twentieth century life in all its aspects, although not startling, or even unusual, to us, will to future generations be as interesting as happenings of a hundred or even fifty or twenty-five years ago are to us. With times so rapidly changing, why not let our descendants glimpse our day through our eyes, the eyes of their own people? Many now living remember the first car, the first radio and telephone, in their community. Many youngsters remember their first glimpse at television, yet find it hard to imagine conditions they are told were common in a depression less than thirty years ago. It is sad, for example, that many of the men and women who were small children during the United Order in Orderville are now in their seventies and eighties, and will not be with us much longer. Have their remembrances and testimonies been recorded for their posterity?

Sometimes death takes a rich sup-

ply of genealogical information. Memory can be a valuable and reliable source of dates and places; sometimes it is the only source.

Even if life histories beyond the bare facts were not valuable, even if these other reasons (and they are only a few of many that could be given) were invalid, and if heritage and inspirational experiences were unimportant, there still lies in record-keeping another great meaning: We ought to care enough to sit down and listen, and then to write down what our aging loved ones tell us of themselves. It is part of obedience to the commandment to honor our fathers and mothers to so consider them—and we are the benefactors!

A good life's accomplishments, if preserved for posterity, can be much more valuable than a legacy of property or money if it inspires a love and feeling of pride for good family gone before, and *most* important, a testimony of the gospel.

■

These Times

(*Continued*) one third of our nation's counties in the next few years. But we shall have to remember that the interstate system is a defense system. It is also a *national* system. Routes have had to be selected with broader considerations than what may happen to a single drugstore, motel, or farm. It is a change, a national need, long unmet and long overdue. Wise citizens, after being heard in the many public hearings available to them, and after the final adjustments have been made, will re-orient their plans to the combination of factors which will derive from the new and the old transportation routes. They will then go on to greater achievements.

Key planning officials and engineers, like Mr. Ellis L. Armstrong, director of the Utah State Road Commission, assure us that the thirty-billion dollar outlay represents a wise investment, not necessarily an expense only; for example, a single traffic light at an intersection may add more than $250,000 annually to driving costs! In Los Angeles, in traveling from the Hotel Statler west on Wilshire Boulevard to UCLA, one meets fifty or sixty semaphores. With the advent of the

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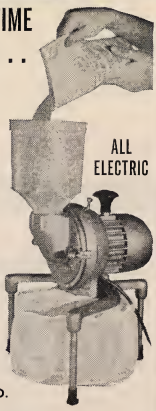


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Let the year unfold with faith

Richard L. Evans



Always it is sobering to begin a new cycle of days, a new cycle of seasons. Always we wonder what undisclosed events are in the offing: Who of us will be here a year hence, and who will leave this life; who will see sorrow and who will see success? Always we wish we could see farther into the future, and always we suppose that if we knew more we would do much better than we do. But there are some things we *do* now know that we don't rush to do. We don't always live our lives as if we knew some things we now know. Often we ignore what we know. This is a subject which at another time we should like more fully to consider. But right now with what is left of this moment or two of time, we should like to cite some profound and searching sentences from Emerson, which suggest that the Lord God will tell us what we need to know, will continue to reveal truth to us, or let us discover it for ourselves, as we are ready to receive it. "God screens us evermore from premature ideas."[1] he said. "Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened, then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not, is like a dream."[1] In another of his essays, Emerson offered this observation: "The popular notion of a revelation is, that it is a telling of fortunes . . . to tell from God how long men shall exist, what their hands shall do, and who shall be their company, . . . But we must pick no locks. We must check this low curiosity . . . It is not in an arbitrary 'decree of God,' but in the nature of man that a veil shuts down on the facts of tomorrow; for the soul will not have us read any other but that of cause and effect. . . ."[2] In short, as we sum up these sentences, it seems that we receive and understand and see about what we are ready and able and willing to receive and understand and see. And as we are prepared for it, we shall not receive less of truth, less of understanding, than we are entitled to. As we live the law, as we keep the commandments, as we use the hours and opportunities that are ours, as we acknowledge by our earnest actions what we *do* now know, then a loving, understanding Father will add all else we need to know. All things well and wisely used will be added unto, and all things earned will be ours. And with this quiet certainty of assurance we can let the year unfold with faith.

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, January 5, 1958, Copyright 1958.

(See page 207 for footnotes.)

resulting from improved design . . . will be far greater than the increased taxes."

Traffic, it is said, will increase 3.5 times on the interstate system in the next twenty years. Thus, as Americans remember the Theodore Roosevelt administration in part for the completion of the Panama Canal, future generations may recall the administration of Dwight Eisenhower for launching the first truly "National System of Interstate and Defense Highways."

■

THE VALUE OF SILENCE

by James H. Konkle

To speak in many languages
Is valuable today,
But to hold your tongue in only one
Is priceless, I would say.

■

A Record-keeping People

(*Continued*) bind on earth, may be bound in heaven; whatsoever you loose on earth, may be loosed in heaven." (*Ibid.*, 117:6-7.)

And then the Prophet explained in detail how these records should be carefully preserved in the archives of the holy temple "to be held in remembrance from generation to generation, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Five days later he wrote a much more detailed letter to the Saints in which he outlined the procedure which should be followed in baptisms for the dead and in carrying forward other ordinance work, of which a record should be carefully and accurately made. He pointed out that the recorder should make the record at the exact time that the ordinance was performed in order to avoid inaccuracies. He should be where he could both hear and see the ceremony in order "that he might make a record of the truth before the Lord." He also pointed out that there should be two or three witnesses present who could also be called upon to certify to the truthfulness of that which had been recorded "that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established."

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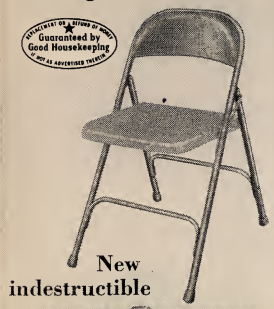
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What we now know . . .

Richard L. Evans

THE SPOKEN WORD

Last week we talked somewhat of the desire to see farther into the future, and quoted Emerson to the effect that further knowledge, further revelation, further truth, comes as we are willing and able to receive and accept it. Further it is a fact that we already know, basically and along broad lines, much more concerning the future than we sometimes seem to suppose. But we often ignore what we know. We know now that if we study, if we learn, if we use our time well, we shall be better prepared for the future. But even knowing this, we still waste much of time, much of life, in more or less aimless activity—or inactivity. We know right now that if we are thoughtful and careful and courteous, we are less likely to have accidents. But even knowing this, we often ignore the laws of safety. We know right now that if we live moderately and refrain from taking injurious substances into ourselves we shall feel better, and have better health. But even knowing this, we often ignore the laws of health, and lay ourselves open to illness. We know right now that if we keep the commandments we shall have a quiet conscience—that if we break laws we shall pay a price. (We shall pay it inside ourselves, whether anyone else knows it or not.) But even knowing this, we still break commandments and laws, and pay a price. We know that if we are unfaithful we shall lose the confidence of others. We know right now that if we don't pay our debts, we shall lose our credit. All these things, and many more, we now know as surely as if the future were laid before us. But we don't always live as if we knew what we know. This must have been what Emerson meant when he said, that "it is not in an arbitrary 'decree of God,' but in the nature of man that a veil shuts down on the facts of tomorrow; for the soul will not have us read any other but that of cause and effect. . . ."[1] When we are ready for it, when we are able and willing to use it, we shall know more than we now know. In the meantime it is our obligation and opportunity to be respectful of the knowledge, the commandments, and the freedom that the Lord God has already given, with the blessed assurance that all things deserved will be ours, and that his plans and purposes will unfold for us, according to our willingness to use well what we do now know.

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, January 12, 1958, Copyright 1958.

(See page 207 for footnotes.)

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JEWELS

by Gladys Hesser Burnham

A dewdrop caught in a spider's web,
Gossamer-fine as ancient lace,
Sparkling as only rare jewels shine
Or smiles after storm on a small boy's face!

ward and branch throughout the Church. As a result of those divine instructions, we have quorum secretaries, ward clerks, stake clerks, auxiliary secretaries, and many others who are appointed to record whatsoever pertains to the ordinances of the gospel and to the operation of the Church in general.

The Lord also established through the Prophet a system whereby there should be a general recorder for the Church and a headquarters where the records should be collected from the various wards and branches. Also, certificates of ordinations, blessings, and confirmations should be issued and witnessed, and copies of the same sent to Church headquarters. In this way accurate records would be maintained of the complete operation of the Church.

In reference to this detailed system of record keeping and especially in relationship to the records for the dead, the Prophet Joseph Smith said: "You may think this order of things to be very particular; but let me tell you that it is only to answer the will of God, by conforming to the ordinance and preparation that the Lord ordained and prepared before the foundation of the world, for the salvation" of his children. (*Ibid.*, 128:5.) Then the Prophet quoted from John the Revelator's vision, wherein John ". . . *saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.*"

The Prophet explained that scripture as follows:

"You will discover in this quotation that the books were opened; and another book was opened, which was the book of life; but the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works; consequently, the books spoken of must be the books which contained the record of their works, and refer to the records which are kept on the earth. And the book which was the book of life is the record which is kept in heaven; . . ." (*Ibid.*, 128:6-7.)

Speaking primarily of temple ordinances, Joseph wrote:

". . . whatsoever you record on earth shall be recorded in heaven, and whatsoever you do not record on earth shall not be recorded in





heaven; for out of the books shall your dead be judged, according to their own works, whether they themselves have attended to the ordinances in their own *propria persona,* or by the means of their own agents, according to the ordinance which God has prepared for their salvation from before the foundation of the world, according to the records which they have kept concerning their dead." (*Ibid.,* 128:8.)

The performing of the gospel ordinances through the authority of the holy priesthood and the keeping of accurate records are essential to the salvation of the children of men, both the living and the dead. In other words, we who belong to the Church of Jesus Christ today must see to it that our records are kept accurately and are complete in order that when we are to be judged for our works here in mortality what is written in the books will be true and valid.

With the foregoing thought in mind, it is suggested that it would be wisdom for all members of the Church to attend tithing settlement at the end of each year and solemnly declare to our bishops our status in regard to tithing and fast offerings. In this way the records will be accurately recorded on earth as they will be recorded in heaven.

More than a hundred years have elapsed since Joseph Smith received the revelations which established our record-keeping system. From our vantage point we can readily see that a marvelous work has come forth. (See *ibid.,* 4:1.) For example, the spirit of God has worked upon the hearts of countless people throughout the entire world and caused them to keep records of their families and gather records of their ancestors. At about the time of the coming of Elijah to the Prophet Joseph Smith, which miraculous event occurred in the Kirtland Temple on April 3, 1836, numerous genealogical societies came into existence, and the spirit of Elijah prevailed throughout the world. Then came the great day for genealogical work in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Thousands upon thousands of genealogical records have been accumulated. To call your attention to the tremendous work that is being accomplished by the Genealogical Society of the Church and the massive amount of records which are kept and microfilmed in the Genealogical Library, I give the following statistics:

During 1957, 20,000,000 pages of records were filmed, or 66,699 volumes, which, added to previous records, made a grand total of 235,855,250 pages or 786,116 volumes of 300 pages each by the end of 1957. The Genealogical Microfilm Library at Salt Lake City contains more microfilm rolls than any other library in the world, including the Library of Congress. It contains 3,113,022 separate family group compilations, 79,897 individual pedigree charts, and 56,344 separate volumes of genealogical records.

Temple work is going forward at a tremendous rate in the ten Latter-day Saint temples which are now in operation. In all of these temples work is going forward for the salvation, exaltation, and eternal lives of the living and the dead; and in all of these temples the ordinances are properly conducted through the power of the priesthood, accurately and correctly recorded, and verified through witnesses, as the Lord has commanded. The final result will be honor, immortality, and eternal lives to those who are faithful in receiving all of the ordinances and keeping God's commandments to the end.

The members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints always have been and will continue to be "a record-keeping people"; and their records will be valid throughout the eternities. To quote once more from the Prophet Joseph Smith:

"It may seem to some to be a very bold doctrine that we talk of—a power which records or binds on earth and binds in heaven. Nevertheless, in all ages of the world, whenever the Lord has given a dispensation of the priesthood to any man by actual revelation, or any set of men, this power has always been given. Hence, whatsoever those men did in authority, in the name of the Lord, and did it truly and faithfully, and kept a proper and faithful record of the same, it became a law on earth and in heaven, and could not be annulled, according to the decrees of the great Jehovah. This is a faithful saying. Who can hear it?" (*Ibid.,* 128:9.)

Your Question

(*Continued*) of the first day when Jesus appeared to some of his disciples, and in the evening of that same day, when they were gathered with the doors shut for fear of the Jews, he appeared again and permitted them to handle, or feel, the marks of the wounds in his hands, side, and feet. On this occasion he instructed them. It was eight days later, or on the first day of the week when he appeared again and gave them further instruction and chided Thomas for his unbelief. This would indicate that the Lord himself had changed the date of the Sabbath, and from that time forth it should be the first day of the week. It is true that there is not much said in the New Testament about the change of the Sabbath, but common things seldom get frequent mention. There are references, however, which point definitely to the fact that the time of the Sabbath had been changed to the Lord's day.

In the book of Acts this is recorded:

"And upon the first day of the week when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow; and continued his speech until midnight." It should be conceded that they did not break bread, or, in other words, administer the Sacrament, except on the Sabbath day.[3] It also seems to be significant that it was on the first day of the week that Paul counseled the Corinthian members of the church that each should "lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."[4] Likewise that the Lord would give to John the great revelation on the Lord's day, or the first day of the week, saying: "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: and, What thou seest, write in a book."[5]

It is also recorded that Ignatius, a disciple of the Apostle John, said: "Every lover of Christ celebrates the

Lord's day, consecrated to the resurrection of Christ as the queen and chief of all days."[6]

Dr. Adam Clark in his *Commentary* treating Revelation 1:10. says:

"'The Lord's day' the first day of the week, observed as the Christian sabbath, because on it Jesus Christ rose from the dead: therefore it was called *the Lord's day;* and has taken place of the Jewish sabbath, throughout the Christian world."

Dr. Thomas Scott in his *Commentary* dealing with this same verse says:

"This was 'on the Lord's day' which can be meant of no other, than the day on which the Lord Jesus arose from the dead, even 'the first day of the week:' and it is conclusive proof, that the first day was set apart, and kept holy, by the primitive Christians, in commemoration of the great event: for on what other account could it have been thus mentioned!"

In the *Commentary* of Jameson, Fausett, and Brown on this same passage this is recorded:

". . . on *the Lord's day*—Though forcibly detained from Church communion with the brethren in the sanctuary on the Lord's day, the weekly commemoration of the resurrection, John was holding spiritual communion with them. This is the earliest mention of *the term* 'the Lord's day!' But the consecration of the day to worship, almsgiving, and the Lord's supper, is implied, Acts 20:7; I Cor. 16:2, *cf.* John 20:19-26. The name corresponds to 'the Lord's supper,' I Cor. 11:20. Ignatius seems to allude to 'the Lord's day' (*ad. Magnes,* 9) and Irenaeus in the *Quaest. ad Orthod.* 115 (in Justin Martyr). Justin Martyr *Apology* 2:98 &c. "On Sunday we hold our joint meeting; for the first day is that on which God, having removed darkness and chaos, made the world, and Jesus Christ our Saviour rose from the dead. On the day before Saturday they crucified Him, and on the day after Saturday, which is Sunday, having appeared to His apostles and disciples, he taught these things.' To the Lord's day Pliney doubtless refers (Ex 97, B 10), 'The Christians on a fixed day before dawn meet and sing a hymn to Christ as God.'"



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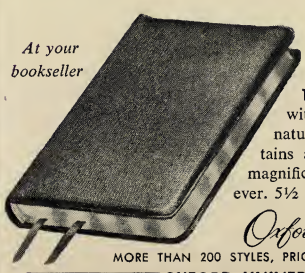


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GAMES . . . fun or frustration

by Edith Harwith Goodman



A fresh runner spurted from the outside circle of Two Deep as the previous runner dodged to a stop before him. Pamela wearily gave chase. This was the third fresh runner she had chased since she became IT. Doggedly she kept on. She saw the space between them was already widening instead of closing. Tears of frustration welled in her eyes.

"Speed it up, Pam. You'll never catch anybody," taunted a player.

At this the leader stepped in with "Let's play Jump the Shoe. Pamela, you take this rope with the shoe on the end and stand in the center of the circle. Swing it around near the ground. Anyone who doesn't jump when it comes to him is out."

Pamela took the rope warily; she still gasped from running. She wasn't quite sure she wanted to play after her failure in the other game. She swung tentatively, then faster as she succeeded in eliminating a player. As the shoe caught others she began enjoying the game.

Pamela had tried hard, but the odds were against her in Two Deep. She was the IT who could not catch anyone. The others were faster; a fresh runner was always popping up while she became more and more tired. In Jump the Shoe she had a happier role. She couldn't lose. All she had to do was swing the rope, and as the others tired from jumping they were eliminated.

This is an example of how games affect children's emotions as found by Dr. Paul Gump, Wayne University School of Social Work; Dr. Fritz Redl, of the National Institute of Mental Health; and Dr. Brian-Sutton-Smith, University of New Zealand. They recently completed a study on the "Effects of Activities and Programs on Children and Their Groups." Their purpose in the study was to see what different types of games did for, and to, children's emotions. Now available, their findings are primarily for group leaders who must know how to choose suitable games for the timid, the aggressive, and the average child.

This study also has valuable information for parents: why some games provide good play while others cause disruption and send Johnny home crying. Not that parents can control all games, but they can help create a good atmosphere when asked, "What can we play now?"

Allan is a steam boiler of energy. He loves to be IT in almost any game. The central position gives him a chance to show off his speed and strength. On the other hand, Tim is retiring. Tim does not like to be the IT in the spotlight. He wants to be part of the pack (group). For Tim to be IT in a game where he must catch someone is not much fun (as in Tag, an IT-by-loss game in Dr. Gump's analysis).

An IT-by-triumph game (where IT must win against others to maintain his position) is more to Tim's liking. He can lose quickly if he wishes. He enjoys Tower Ball. He can defend the tower in the circle's center or allow it to be knocked down by the ball immediately. When the tower is knocked over, another IT takes his place.

There are hundreds of IT games, and they vary widely in the position they offer the IT, in interest appeal, and in skill demands. For example, Hide-and-Seek and Sardines are both hiding games, but Hide-and-Seek is a lonelier game, catering to those interested in scattering the

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SHRIMP BOATS

Makes 6 "Yeast-Riz" Crêpes

Scald **½ cup milk.** Stir in **2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt** and **¼ cup shortening.** Cool to lukewarm. Measure into bowl **¼ cup warm (not hot) water.** (Cool to lukewarm for compressed yeast.) Add **1 package or cake Fleischmann's Yeast, active dry or compressed.** Stir to dissolve. Add lukewarm milk mixture, **1 beaten egg and 1 cup sifted enriched flour.** Beat until smooth, about 1 minute. Cover. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 40 minutes. While rising, prepare Sea Food Newburg. Stir batter down. For each crêpe, pour ¼ cup batter onto hot, slightly greased griddle; spread to 6-inch diameter. Bake over low to medium heat until bubbles appear over surface and edges seem dry; turn only once; stack on warm plate. On platter, place crêpes and form into cornucopias by folding one end together and securing with pick. Fill each with ⅓ **cup hot Sea Food Newburg.**

Sea Food Newburg

Melt in saucepan **2 tablespoons margarine or butter.** Add and cook until tender **1 tablespoon chopped onion.** Blend in **½ teaspoon salt*, dash cayenne pepper** and **1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.** Add and stir until smooth **1 can (10½ ounces) cream of mushroom soup.** Blend in **¼ cup light cream.** Bring to boil. Add slowly to **2 egg yolks, slightly beaten;** return to low heat and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil. Remove from heat. Stir in **1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice** and **2 cups cooked or canned fish or sea food** (shrimp, crabmeat, lobster, tuna, etc.). Heat thoroughly. Keep warm over hot water.

*Omit salt if fish or sea food is salted.



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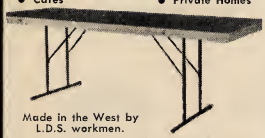


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group, as well as hunting and finding. Each player is a lone wolf trying to beat IT. Interests in the game also vary with age: the younger can't wait to be found, the older are anxious to hide as long as possible. In Sardines the IT hides and the pack hunts him. As each hunter finds IT he, too, crowds into the hiding place. They are all very cozy with more and more players in the small space until the final one finds them. Sardines also offers conspiracy, as the crowd tries not to give itself away by giggling. Here IT is the attraction; in Hide-and-Seek IT is someone to hide from.

In very young games skills are relatively unimportant. The young child likes ritualistic and dramatic games such as Farmer in the Dell or London Bridge is Falling Down. The older children are, the more skill demands they want in their games. Those below eight years tend not to emphasize competition or winning. They play for the fun of playing. Their games do not demand much skill beyond simple running, hopping, jumping, or dodging.

The eight and nine-year-olds are in transition. They are often above the games of younger children but not yet ready to play in the more skilled games of the older. This is the age when youngsters are getting ready to play baseball, football, basketball, or tennis. The skills learned in batting, catching, kicking, shooting baskets, will later determine their popularity on the teams where skill is all-important.

Games also vary in what Dr. Redl calls "frustration price," the amount of restriction on individual players to make the game go the way it should. This includes the patience needed to wait to be chosen or have a turn, being eliminated from a game, and the idea of being one against a pack.

Two games appealing to the same interests but differing in frustration price are Dodge Ball and Target Ball, both of which offer the group a chance to shoot a ball at some ITs. Dodge Ball is more fun, for the players forming the circle can see action inside. They can watch the six ITs jumping and twisting to get away from the ball. Target Ball has the players in a line. Once Bill has had a turn in Target Ball he feels out of the game, for it must go all down the line before he has another turn. In Dodge Ball, he may have no more actual turns, but there's always the chance the ball wooshing across the circle will come to him.

Another frustration price is elimination. Older children willing to pay this price favor elimination games. They like to see who will be the final winner. Older children playing Dodge Ball like each hit player eliminated. Young children want the hit player replaced by the one who hit him. They do not want elimination or one winner.

Thus the rules of a game must often be adjusted to the ages and temperaments of the players. Experienced group leaders advise substituting a game with desired rules rather than changing the rules of a game children already know.

In table games, as in playground games, two apparently similar games have totally different rules, goals, and effects. The frustration price in a game was dramatized by a situation Dr. Gump created. He and his associates made a table shuffleboard game to be played by polio convalescents.

Jim and Bette were playing table shuffleboard by special rules. Bette would shoot her four discs and count her score. Jim would shoot four discs and count his score. Jim was winning but Bette did not seem to mind.

Then the rules were changed to conform to regular shuffleboard. This set up a legitimate opportunity for Bette and Jim to interfere with each other's progress. Bette would shoot one disc, Jim one disc, alternating four turns. A disc landing in a scoring position was often displaced by the opponent's next shot. The game quickly became a battle with each trying to stop the other by grabbing hands. What had started out as a friendly competition in a game degenerated into a war. Personal hostility resulted from this simple but important rule change. Loss of position and score was a higher frustration price than these two could pay without revolt.

Some children cannot stand such game interference. It makes them angry to be sent back, as in Parcheesi; to lose men, or be blockaded. Calling these youngsters "poor sports" is no solution. This is a matter of maturity, and even mature children under ten may find it hard to accept this part of a game. Usually those over ten have learned to

accept certain rules as part of the game and do not mind the hindrance. Younger children rebel.

Many table games call for waiting while others play. In some games the others' turns seem interminable to an impatient child—a frustration price he isn't ready to pay.

Children's interests must be considered in the choice of table games. Interests may be science, space travel, home and family, or sports. Does the child enjoy devising strategic plays? Does he like real life interests translated into electric football, electric baseball, or Monopoly?

Boys who are good readers, are interested in space travel, and enjoy complicated games might go for Captain Video. This game has three spinners to indicate moves on another board. It requires much referral to complicated rules to keep the game going. Obviously such a game is not for the poor reader, the impatient, or those who want fast action.

Some games call for highly developed skills, either mental or hand skills. Checkers, chess, and many other games are thinking skill games. Mental skills involve forethought, as planning and strategy, and good memory. Other mental skills include reading, either of rules or as part of the game; spelling, as in Anagrams or Scrabble; and arithmetic for adding scores.

Many table games depend on quick reaction skills, others on finger dexterity as in Jackstraws (the hands must be clever enough to untangle a mass of slender sticks).

Then there are games in which winning depends on plain luck, with skills of minor importance. Often a child struggling against superior skills in an older opponent (or parent) either loses or feels his opponent loses on purpose. A shift from a game involving skills unevenly matched, as checkers where child plays parent, to a chance game is good. Where the winner is largely determined by luck, the younger player stands a better chance of winning on his own.

Knowing the ingredients that suit a game to certain purposes makes games easy to make up. Homemade props often add fun to a game, as in Cork Dice. Each player has a cork on a taut string and the corks are laid in the center of a table. IT holds a large pot cover, and when the dice rolls a predetermined num-





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ber, IT pounces on the corks with his cover. Each player must be alert to jerk his cork away before it is caught.

Thus using the factors of skill or chance, action or quiet play, loss or retention of pieces, elimination or no elimination of players, games can be chosen—or tailormade—for the occasion.

An understanding of games and their effects on the emotions gives parents knowledge of the best games to choose for their family fun. Parents who know the ingredients of games can judge them quickly by looking through rules before buying and by asking themselves:

What skills are demanded? Does our child have enough of those skills to enjoy the game against whomever his opponents will be? Don't be carried away by beautiful props. Some chessmen are works of art, but will Barbara enjoy chess? Does this game fit a present interest or one Bob is apt to acquire soon? Is the frustration price demanded by this game more than Emily can pay?

Games that fit the players in all categories are the ones that insure satisfactory play experiences. Games should be fun, not frustrating.

-



Say Goodnight Until . . .

by Helen S. Neal

Little Jimmy used to fill my entire evening with his bedtime requests. Just as I'd sit down for a chance to talk to his daddy, or find my place again in my book, or begin on the hem I wanted to let down for his big sister, Nancy, it would be,

"Mummy, I need another drink of water."

When the water was finished and I was comfortably settled again, he would want a light to see by, or to have his Panda bear, or ask if I would please tell him another story! Another kiss, another glass of water, —so went my evening. If he heard the doorbell, which might mean a caller, he came padding down in his

sleepers, bent on adding his share of family hospitality, even between his yawns.

My problem came from thinking Jimmy could be treated like his older sister and brother who went to sleep more easily. What works with one child often does not work with another. Children's levels of quietude, as well as their interests, often differ. Plenty of activity until the last hour before bed, then quiet inactivity, nearly always helps.

For less active occupation before bedtime we have tried singing at the piano, reading books by the fireside, or watching a not too stimulating television program. The last hour before bed should be a happy, quiet, friendly, pleasant time, when children have no cause to disagree with each other. Peace helps induce sleep.

Sleep and rest are important to everyone, especially to growing children. Rested, they eat better and have a better disposition and personality. They play more actively, and therefore are ready to rest better when night comes. Also, a rested child resists illness, so is more likely to be a healthy child.

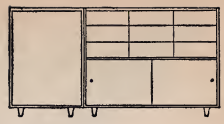
To make bedtime acceptable we had to set Jimmy's retiring hour at a time when he began to feel tired. A difference of twenty minutes solved much of his problem. We made going to bed a pleasant and familiar routine, appealing to his senses. Children need routine, for it gives them a secure feeling to have some idea what comes next.

A drop of perfume on Nancy's pillow, her favorite fragrance, made bedtime something pleasant for her to anticipate. For our oldest boy, Bill, we had used luminous cutouts, and he chose the ones illustrating the story of the cow who jumped over the moon. They attached to his white closet door easily and were scarcely seen by day. When the lights went out, he could watch the sequence of activity in the illuminated figures. Playing a music box disc of Brahm's Lullaby turned out to be something Jimmy enjoyed.

For some children, just the sight of a dim light and their bedding turned down in a welcoming corner triangle are enough to suggest sleep. Others look forward to the fragrance of bath salts and their vanishing mountain of bubbles, in the bath that precedes bed. The sleeping garment a child has chosen for himself, or the

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sight of his bed appeals to many. And for some a bedtime cup of milk and a cracker, or a cup of bouillon has a taste-appeal that comes to mean sleeptime to the child.

A chat about the day just past is a nice way to precede the prayer period. Discuss what were the nicest things the day brought; then the worst, and how they can be handled better tomorrow. If it was rain that was disappointing, discuss how to make rain fun, and welcome it. If it was a stubbed toe, lead the child to talk about how to be more careful next time. It may be the child's viewpoint rather than the occurrence that needs correcting.

Many an evening talk with Mother or Dad helps improve interpersonal relations with playmates, quite as much as it builds a habit of talking things over with parents. Discuss why a playmate reacted angrily instead of co-operating. This can hold subtle lessons in what to do or how not to behave with friends.

Go about the bedtime routine with an air of finality, assuming prompt sleep will occur. If being called back repeatedly is a habit you are trying to correct, praise your child the first night he improves. Praised behavior tends to be repeated. When you are not called back at all, point up some *special* reward, an extra story, a little trip somewhere, for the child who "goes right to sleep and doesn't call Mummy back!"

The prayer heard just before you leave his room is a perfect psychological prelude to sleep. It closes the day with thankfulness and faith, and hope for a good tomorrow.

If each bedtime comes when fatigue helps the idea of sleep and has its familiar pattern which appeals to the special child for whom it is planned; and if each success is given adequate approval, always remembering that some children depend far more on expressed approval than do others, your goodnights will not need to be said "until it be tomorrow."

Finest of the fine arts

(*Continued*) The artist sees the ultimate objective of his teaching. He sees beyond the shabbily dressed girl whose shyness now robs her of wide friendship's joys, into the home she yet will make as a poised wife and mother. He observes the gangling boy whose height and awkwardness make him self-conscious now and sees in the years ahead a father and a leader. That youth whose inquisitive mind and boyish pranks upset the lesson and disturb the class, the artist senses will one day push back the boundaries of the unknown, shedding new light on the scientific quest for truth.

Perhaps the artist's greatest contribution is to chip away sufficient of the dross that the youth may view the eternal spirit embedded in each living soul. The youth then sees all men as brothers and their God as Father. His vision is opened to the plan of his Creator. With feet set firmly on the way of progress, he trods the path that eventually leads him back to his Eternal Father.

To a young man learning to perform on the flying trapeze, a veteran of the circus said: "Throw your heart over the bars, and your body will follow." Falling in love with one's work is the surest way to success. It has been said that in order to touch another's heart, you must use your own. Soul will seldom speak to soul without the bridge of love. Only those teachers who have "walked the second mile" have felt a kinship with the Infinite that is itself a reward for the labor performed.

It was the mythical gods of Olympia who decreed that Pygmalion's work should live. So it is with every artist who truly dedicates his skill, love, and knowledge to his work. It is the Living God of heaven who has decreed that the work of the inspired teacher who has an understanding heart, a knowledge of pedagogy, and a vision of his purpose, who dedicates himself to his work—his work will live. His students will live. The teacher becomes immortal. Teaching, then, becomes the finest of the fine arts.

(*Continued*) of your future home life are sown in your schooldays, in your teens. The strength of character needed during your association with your future mate will determine your strength and happiness in the home life. And, girls, the man who will not respect your honor, who tries to lead you from the ideal of virtue is not the man who will make you happy as a husband.

Next in importance to the choosing of a mate is your education. The greatest education in the world is spiritual education. It is spiritual development. That which develops character should be the aim of every school, every high school, every college, every university. Emerson was right when he said: "Character is higher than intellect . . . a great soul will be fit to live as well as to think. . . ." I believe in character education and in spiritual training. Religion is important in producing character, and success in life depends to a large extent upon self-effort.

"How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him." (I Kings 18:21.)

In that biblical verse there is a message to the world and, particularly, to the young people who are at the crossroads, to whom we may say, "How long halt ye between two thoughts? if the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him!"

Spirituality and morality as taught by the Latter-day Saints are firmly anchored in fundamental principles, principles from which the world can never escape even if it would, and the first fundamental is a belief (with Latter-day Saints it is a knowledge) in the existence of a Personal God. Latter-day Saint children have been taught to recognize him and to pray to him as one who can listen and hear and feel just as an earthly father can listen, hear, and feel, and they have absorbed into their very beings, from their earthly mothers and their earthly fathers, the real testimony that this Personal God has spoken in this dispensation.

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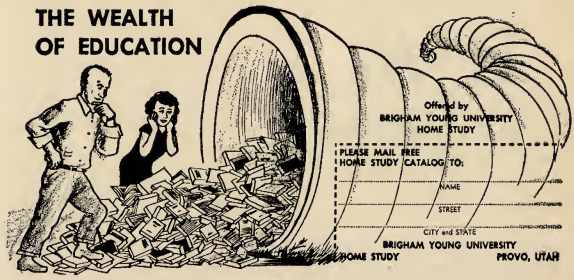
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The curtain of the future . . .

Richard L. Evans

THE SPOKEN WORD

For a moment or two we should like to turn to yet another side of the subject of knowing more concerning the future, and in doing so to cite a quoted sentence which says in substance that the Lord God ". . . with grand politeness . . . draws down before us an impenetrable screen. . . ."[1] Cicero said this on the subject: "For my part, I think that a knowledge of the future would be a disadvantage. . . . Undoubtedly ignorance of future ills is more useful than knowledge of them."[2] And Alexander Pope characterized it in three concise couplets:

> "O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
> That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n;
> Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
> Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
> And now a bubble burst, and now a world."[3]

No doubt in many ways it *was a* "grand politeness" that caused the Creator to draw the curtain of the future before us, and it means in effect, that the Lord God meant us to live in part at least by faith—for if we knew further of the future we would, in effect, be carrying the weight of it around with us. Foreknowledge can become a burden as it anticipates the sorrows as well as the successes. Suppose, for example, we knew when our loved ones would have to leave us, or that we knew in advance the day or manner of our own death, or of accidents or illnesses—such foreknowledge would hang over us heavily like a weight that we were never quite free from. And since it is sometimes difficult enough to carry around the weight of present problems (and since life also has its pleasant surprises, as well as its unforeseen sorrows), it would seem that the Creator knew us well and planned wisely when with grand politeness he drew the curtain of the future before us and gave us faith to live each hour, each day, with work, with learning, with loved ones, with decisions to make, with commandments to keep, with all the problems and opportunities that are ours, as we move on toward those eternal purposes which the Lord God has given, with a quiet certainty and assurance that all injustices will be righted, that all inequities will be compensated, and that the compelling questions will be answered us. Thus, as the Creator draws the curtain of the future before us, we can face it with such faith as Emerson suggested in this single satisfying sentence: "All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen."[4]

"The Spoken Word," from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, January 19, 1958, Copyright 1958.

(See page 207 for footnotes.)

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FOOTNOTES AND REFERENCES FOR ARTICLES:

Your Question

[1]Mark 2:27-28.
[2]Abraham 5:13.
[3]Acts 20:7.
[4]1 Cor. 16:2.
[5]Rev. 1:11.
[6]*Sunday, The True Sabbath of God*, **p. 150**, Samuel Walter Gamble.

Man and the Word of Wisdom

[1]Statistics from 1800-1924 from *The Chicago Daily News Almanac and Year Book*, 1936, p. 672.
[2]*The World Almanac*, 1957, p. 570, quoting a survey of policy holders made by Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Statistic is for person born in 1955.
[3]*Deseret News "Church Section,"* April 14, 1956, p. 17. All but six of the stakes were in the continental United States.
[4]As reported by *The World Almanac*, 1957, p. 365.

Christ Is Crucified

Scriptural references for this article are from Matt. 26, 27; Mark 14, 15; Luke 22, 23; John 18, 19 and 3 Nephi 8.

The Spoken Word

"The search for the superfluous"

[1]Seneca, *On Sophistical Argumentation.*
[2]*Ibid., On Progress.*
[3]Joseph Addison, *Spectator*, No. 317.

Let the year unfold with faith

[1]Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Spiritual Laws.*
[2]*Ibid., The Over-Soul.*

What we now know . . .

[1]Ralph Waldo Emerson, *The Over-Soul.*

The curtain of the future . . .

[1]Emerson, *Experience.*
[2]Cicero, *De Divinatione*, Bk. ii, ch. 9, sec. 23.
[3]Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epis. i, l. 85.
[4]Emerson.

DO YOU HAVE A DICTIONARY OF THE NAVAJO LANGUAGE?

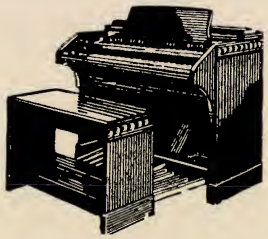
Missionaries laboring in the Southwest Indian Mission of the Church are badly in need of the dictionary, *The Navajo Language*, which is now out of print. Very few of the 80,000 Navajos in the mission, by far its largest tribe, speak English. Elders working among them, having no written assistance whatsoever in learning the difficult language, issue with Mission President Alfred E. Rohner a plea for copies of the dictionary. Those wishing to sell or contribute the book to the mission should send it to President Rohner at Box 672, Gallup, New Mexico.

HOLD HIGH THE TORCH IN THE KITCHEN

The flaming torch, symbol of the press for ages, blazes in prosaic places as well as the halls of the mighty in our times. For the newspaper is everyone's pattern for modern living. Take the kitchen, for instance. In every home in the Intermountain West, there are dishes served from recipes found in The Salt Lake Tribune. And Mother and Father, Sister and Brother, find advice for diet, health and exercise in The Tribune. The Tribune and HOME Magazine will tell you how to cook, how to serve, how to decorate your home and how to improve your garden. It's all a part of that big package for modern living that's an every-day necessity in your life, your daily issue of...



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The Last Word

After a high school boy got a summer job at the local factory, the straw boss gave the youngster his first week's wages with a bit of advice: "Each employee's wage is secret. If I were you, I wouldn't tell anybody how much I earned."

"No, I won't do that," the boy replied. "I guess I'm more ashamed of it than you are."

▪

A sure way of getting the last word in an argument is to say, "You're right."

Liberty will not descend to a people, a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.

—Charles Calem Colton

▪

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—Philip James Bailey

Flattery is like perfume—you're supposed to smell it, not swallow it.



McGregor was a bit startled when he met an old acquaintance. "What's the idea," he asked, "of a band of mourning on your left leg, Jock?"

"Me mother has passed away," replied Jock.

McGregor persisted. "But why on your leg instead of your sleeve?"

"She was me stepmother."

▪

"My, my," Grandpa complained, "what's wrong with the younger generation?" "The main thing, I think," soothed Grandma, "is that too many of us don't belong to it any more."

Enthusiasm comes with revelation of true and satisfying objects of devotion; and it is enthusiasm that sets the powers free.

—Woodrow Wilson

▪

The search for truth is endless and exciting. The highest courage is to look truth straight in the eye. And those who undertake to write or teach must utter the truth as they see it, taking nothing away, adding nothing thereto, and in nought equivocating.

—A. J. Huste

The teacher, whether mother, priest, or schoolmaster, is the real maker of history.

—H. G. Wells

▪

ADVICE: We intend to pass this along to our young son about the father who told his boy, "Never mind how I met your mother—just don't go around whistling."

▪

A man may fall several times, but he isn't a failure until he starts saying somebody pushed him.



Sign seen in a well-known Boston center for antiques.



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